

LEON H. ROCKWELL: RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, 1906-1968

Interviewee: Leon H. Rockwell

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Description

Leon Halliday Rockwell, a native of New York, was born in 1888. He received a grammar school education near Elmira, New York, and then was forced to begin his career. As a very young man, he started west, working at a variety of jobs from railroad laborer to cowboy and milk-hand. Shortly after the town was founded, he arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada, where he spent most of the rest of his life. Mr. Rockwell became a prominent citizen of Las Vegas. He describes his work at the telephone and power companies, how he helped found the Las Vegas Volunteer Fire Department, and his involvement in real estate trading.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Leon Halliday Rockwell was a native of New York, born in 1888. He received a grammar school education near Elmira, New York, and was then forced to begin his career. As a very young man, he started West, working at a variety of jobs from rail road laborer to cowboy and milk-hand. Shortly after the town was founded, he arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada, where he spent most of the balance of his life. Mr. Rockwell became a prominent citizen of Las Vegas, working for the telephone and power companies, helping to found the Volunteer Fire Department, and engaging in real estate trading. These activities made him truly a part of the life of the town. He died in September, 1968.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project at the suggestion of representatives of the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, Mr. Rockwell accepted readily. Four recording sessions followed, all held at his home at 622 Sunny Place, Las Vegas, Nevada, between February 26 and March

1, 1968. Mr. Rockwell was a cooperative chronicler, appearing thoroughly to enjoy the experience of recounting his adventures of the past sixty-odd years. He evidenced a fine sense of anecdotal humor, a characteristic which shows in the script. Mr. Rockwell passed away before the transcript of his oral autobiography was completed and edited. The work of reviewing the chronicle was performed by his son, Dr. Leon H. Rockwell, Jr., and his daughter, Mrs. Marjorie Rockwell Riley; they returned the volume virtually intact, with only a few minor deletions. We acknowledge this assistance gratefully.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library (formerly in the DRI Western Studies Center) preserves the past and the present for future research by tape-recording the reminiscences of persons who have made significant contributions to the development of Nevada and the West. Scripts resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Special Collections

departments of the University libraries.
Leon H. Rockwell's oral history is designated
as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1969

MY FAMILY BACKGROUND AND EARLY LIFE

The first white child born in Elmira, New York, or Chemaung County, New York. was a Breese—Mary Breese, and her father—Gildersleeve Breese—built the first white person's residence there, which was a trading post, out of logs. My grandfather tore the darned thing down, and I—at the time I was only a little fellow, but I didn't understand why he wanted to tear something so old down. It was puncheon floor and log walls.

They had the first flour mill, and the old stones, the grind stones, or mill stones, were used as stepping places to get into a buggy or wagon in front of the old house. And the riddle, Or screen, which was put on with pegs in the small tree, is in the attic and I couldn't get it down—they have built on so much. Now it's four times what it was to begin with.

They built the first creamery and—well, maybe the first of a lot of things there, but I can't think of all of them.

I have a pretty good genealogy list, which is not straight ended up like it ought to. It goes all the way back to Gilder sleeve Breese—I think his first name was John, John

Gildersleeve Breese. And now, the state of New York rebuilt a replica of the old home. And they have a museum out of it, and I have to send these pictures. I have a picture that wasn't a photograph at the time, because they didn't have any, but it was evidently drawn. And they have copied it with a camera. I have it out there in the original frame, and I'm going to send that and the old scrapbooks back to the museum there.

They're still there—I mean the people, the family, but they've married and re-married, you know, and the name is get ting less known there all the time. The two brothers come over from Scotland, as I understood it, and one of them was buried in the [Trinity Church] there in New York City. And I have a picture of the headstone, which was laid out flat later, but I don't know where the darned thing is. I have quite a few of the older pictures. They've copied some of them over here for me. we never got to be anything big. There was several families fought for the honor of being the first white person, but they all fell down when stuff from the courthouse was found. The

courthouse was burnt down—the original one—and years afterwards, they found that the old papers had been packed and put in this old barn. I think they took photographs of the things—that small— and put it away, but they proved then that the first white child was Breese. There was an attorney there—he was trying to grab it. He was a good talker, but he couldn't talk the records down. And I know there's a little town named Breeseport. It's twelve miles above Elmira. The old pictures on the wall of the homestead looked like they was some horse thieves or holdup men in them—great big pictures. The big bed—the bed was way bigger than the beds we have today except the king size. And I could hear the—I thought it was spooks, them days when I was a kid. I was sleeping in this big bedroom. You had to run and jump to get up on the bed. And all these old pictures—old bearded fellows up all around the place. And the chimney swallows would get into the chimneys. There were six fireplaces, three down and three up—and the chimney swallows, the mud swallows, would get in there and whistle-like, and make a hissing noise—and I couldn't sleep. I would imagine it was these other guys.

An aunt, Jessie Swartwood, had the place for a while, before they sold it, and she wanted to cut a place through into the next room. They didn't have any idea—they just thought it would go through the wall, but it went through about four feet—the old log building they'd built over. She re-finished the whole thing—took all the fireplaces out. The old place had a cobbler's cell, like—I don't know what they called them. And when we came along, all the tools were there, and they didn't use but very few nails—they used pegs. Probably not many know that. I've seen my granddad make them. Make them out, I think it was oak, and he sharpened them, and then they put them in neatsfoot oil before they

used them. And the old neatsfoot can was a Revolutionary War canteen, built of wood. I always wanted to save it, but—even when I was a kid I collected.

I dug up my first Indians when I was twelve years old—that was in New York. I got Mrs. Sullivan, my class teacher there, who claimed relationship to General Sullivan that went through after the Wyoming Valley massacre to kill off the Indians so they would settle, to write to Washington for his journal. The final battle was fought right there at Newtown. Of course Elmira was Newtown at that time. There's a monument there. There was a lot of old things that I would have liked to have got, but I didn't have the money.

We never got into politics, there, though. Oh, I had an uncle that did, but it ruined him. He died a pauper and he was a very wealthy man when he started.

My great-grandmother Charlotte Hurdic—there was a wagon made they called a Hurdic—and her old homestead, which probably is tore down now. My great-grandmother Hurdic was there when the Indians were traveling up to the salt springs—up on the, I think it's Oneida Lake—no, it's Montour Falls—there's a lake, I don't remember what it is. The white people got their salt there with a—in fact they pump it up now, and sell it. They have wells where they pump it up and evaporate it, but then they went and evaporated it by keeping fires under an old metal trough. There was a corn grinder that the squaw give to my great grandmother after she'd got her salt. She had like a teacup, and she wanted salt in that—so, she filled it up. They had plenty, because they made lots of butter and you had to put salt, you know, on top of the butter.

The place was a puncheon floor, and the place where the women would turn—you know, on their heel—oh, they were two and

a half or three inches deep. The puncheon floors—you know what they were, don't you? Well, they took good straight-grained logs and they split them and then they adzed them and put them on top of logs that ran the other way. They pushed them together as close as they could so there wouldn't be any cracks. In fact, some of them adzed it so they would lap a little ways, and then put them on with pegs. You don't see them any more.

They all had spring houses, where they kept their butter and stuff like that. After my great-grandmother was ninety-some years old—she lived there alone, and she wouldn't let anyone stay with her—she pushed an old split-bottomed chair around. It was made out of—they took second-growth hickory, they made ribbons of it, you know, and they laced them together after they let them age a little. And she pushed that around—she even went down to the darned old spring house that way. There was two sets of stone steps and she had what they called a “fish man's horn.” It was made of tin and it was lacquered. They didn't coat it with tin then. If she wanted anything, she'd go out—and her daughter lived, oh, three quarters of a mile down the road in the country—that's at Erin, New York—and she'd blow that horn, and they'd send one of the kids up to see what she wanted. But one morning she didn't blow the horn, and they went up, and she'd fell down these steps. She might have died before she fell, you know—they didn't know. It banged her up pretty well.

She had an old melodion, they called them. A little—well, just about the size of that [TV console] set over there. And every year she had a birthday party, and all of them come from all over the country—a good ways afar, sometimes. They went up in the big bedroom, and danced the old square dances. There was always fiddlers them days. And I used to watch them, and when they come to the

“money musk,” I think they called it—that's a jig, they don't do it any more, they don't know how—and this big, long, tall cousin of mine, he used to kick. And they had quilting frames up in the light chandelier hooks—hand-wrought hooks in the ceiling—and you know, I was always worried he would get his toes on them. They were sharp—rather sharp where they come up.

And they drank their cider. She always had cider, and they always made a barrel on purpose—a fifty-gallon barrel. And there was a spigot in it. She'd have them take the end out—you know, loosen the hoops and take the end out. And she'd take herbs and put it in cheesecloth and fasten it there and then they left that on the bottom when they put it back together, and then siphon the cider out from another barrel they kept it in to age. And in an old copper kettle there. And she took so much every day. That's why she lived to be nearly a hundred.

All of her roots and herbs were in the attic. The attic was as big as my house, here. And they had to be gathered at just such a time, and hung upside down so all of the strength would go into what was left after they dried. She knew what to use for anything—we didn't have to have a doctor. She used to call it her tonic, and the menfolks would get to drinking her tonic. It was kind of bitter, but it didn't taste bad. She'd watch them—this old copper dipper—she'd watch how much they were getting of it.

Then she had to play the melodion for them every year. And she could play it—them old-fashioned hymns sounded good after you listen to this monkey works they have on the TV.

In the attic there was a great big loom, and we all made carpet. I didn't of course, my folks did. All of the whole family went there to make the carnet. They tied the carpet

rag, you know, and I rolled them and sewed them. They'd have to take them out of the ball—they'd put them in the ball, then they'd have to put them on the shuttle. (I had all that stuff here—shuttles, and brushes for straightening the stuff out, and the reel, and the linen wheel—the spinning wheel was a big one, it was that high—or not—that's cotton—and the linen is the little one like I have out there in the den.) They colored the carpet rags, and they did it the same as the Navahos now color their rags. They set them with salt—the colors—salt and urine. And they—then they make hippping—what they call hippping, for this carpet, they—before they put it on the—the carpet rags on the shuttle, they push back and forth—and they put them—turn them, twist them altogether tight, and then they'd stick them in the color—tie them all the way along and stick them in the color, and then when they took them out, they'd undo them, and twist them again the opposite way—undo it altogether and begin from the inside instead of the outside—well, it was the inside too, when they started. And that's how they got the different colors. That's what made that hit-and-miss carpet. I have one out there someplace.

And they made their own maple syrup. They had forty sugar maples. Their basements were full, the basement as big—that is, the same dimensions—as the house. They built with the rock, and common old lime mortar, and them things never did give out like this stuff now. They had recesses in them, and certain stuff they set in there. And they had swinging shelves. You could go down in one of their basements and live a year, I'll bet you, without moving. They had sauerkraut and they had pits for apples, and potatoes, and stuff like that. We had dugouts for the melons and such stuff. I think of that stuff if I wake un and can't get to sleep, and I recall all

of it. And the attics—there was an old cradle there that had three sets of rockers that great-grandmother remembered. And they kept all of their almanacs. See, they went by their almanacs on their planting.

Well, my mother and father—his name was William H. Rockwell, he was a railroad man on a passenger train. He married my mother, who was a Breese, Lottie Breese—Charlotte Amanda, rather—and they called Charlotte “Lottie” always. They were married in Elmira, New York. The family Bible, I give that away to Son Leon, Jr., so I don't remember the dates. They moved on Division Street in Elmira and built. They bought one of them barns that was—the wealthy families, where they had acreage, you know, an estate. And it belonged to old Divins that had the estate, and he sold it to the chief of police there. And they bought it and made it over. Them barns then, the coachmen had a nice little one- or two-room place, and they were nice, and they were wainscoted—most of them. So they went in there, and in their spare time, they lathed it and made partitions. When I was a little tyke, they laid me down—and my mother said I couldn't remember but when I told her everything that was up on the wall, she had to admit that I told her the truth. It was under what was the stairway—well, it was the stairway then, but later it was filled in where this—used to call them a couch—was, and she laid me down, and I remember kicking my feet—like that—and I knew I was just a baby. And there was an iron skillet and an iron griddle—a great, big one—we used to use a lot of hotcakes and Indian cake, and like that, and there was a dishpan, and some big wooden spoons, and several colanders, and all of that stuff was up there. And when I told her, she said.... Oh, I asked her where I'd been, because I always believed in the reincarnation of souls, and I thought I'd been someplace else

maybe, be cause I couldn't—well, then it was closed in, so I couldn't see her. And when I described it, she kept thinking, and she said, "Why, you couldn't be, because you were only a baby in arms.

And I said, "I don't care. I laid there kicking my feet up and I seen all that stuff hung up." And she had to admit it— by golly, it was right. I was born there—we didn't go to a hospital to be born at that time. I was born there, and my brother, four years later, he was born in there, too. And they told me I had a new doll when I went in to see him. And I says, "Have you got wax so I can scrape it off?"

They finally made it into a nice house. They didn't sell it. My mother was robbed of it. See, Father died. I was the oldest, there was three of us, and I wasn't twelve yet. So they got away with her insurance money. She didn't know anything about how to handle it. And insurance—in them days a thousand dollars was a lot and a friend of the family got away with most of the insurance through taking care of things for her. And the house money, I think the attorney got most of it.

I had to go out and work like a son of a gun when I was twelve or thirteen years old. You worked all day for thirty five cents—three and a half cents an hour, and you had a pacesetter with you, and you had to keep up, hoeing corn. Oh, I hoed corn until I didn't want to eat any.

I went to school at the old No. 4 school. It was on Divins Avenue and Division Street—on the corner. And it's now torn down, they tell me. It was a great, big place. And our principal was Mrs. Brooks. I went to school there until my father died, and I was riding six miles up to school and six miles back, for a while from—Horseheads to Elmira. And I was going to the No. 2 school then. When you moved, you had to go to the school that you were in their district. And we had Negro

trouble there. There was about eighty percent Negroes—that was at No. 2 school. And they had one old professor that could handle them. Well, he retired. We didn't fight amongst each other—in fact, I hired the nigger kids to do the fighting for me by giving them [sweet] Caporal cigarettes that I could get from the hotel we had at the time where we stayed and tried to run it—a small place. I'd get them, and I'd give them to them—just one at a time. And they only cost ten cents a package. But they'd lick any of the other kids for me.

A lot of them colored boys I liked. They were nice and they were clean. There's a difference—there's niggers, and there's Negroes and we have Negroes at the end of the street— and they're different. And they are going to be the salvation of that race. They'll finally separate—you watch—I'm telling you. Remember, it was me that told you that they'll separate. The Negro will get into the better communities and he'll not associate with the niggers. Them niggers will steal while you're watching them. My God, they steal a great deal of the profit from these stores. A woman sat right there last night, the clerk, and told about how they would shoplift. And the police man's afraid to do anything because they'd stab him even if they had to stab themselves.

I went to work in the gardens for ten hours for three and a half cents an hour. I was a darned good talker and I finally got the men's wages—a dollar a day, ten cents an hour. I just told them that I had a job—I lied a little but you had to—I told them I had a job with the other truck gardeners and they'd offered me, if I could keep up with the men, men's wages. They hadn't at all, but I was keeping up so good he didn't want to lose me. And I got to washing the vegetables—you got a little bit more for that. And finally, I went shining shoes, and I trapped during the winter for muskrats, and mink, and skunk. If you ever

trap skunk, you want to make an Indian deadfall—they don't stink then—they don't smell bad and their hides are worth much more. Mink is the more higher priced hide. The first one I caught, I hit him easy, I didn't want to kill him. But I had to kill him to skin him. I hit him easy and all he done was make a lot of noise, and golly, that made me feel worse than ever. So finally I hit him with this little axe I had that I carried in my belt—it had a handle about ten inches long. I hit him with that and killed him, and oh, then I hated to skin him. But I finally did.

Then I got a railroad job, in the offices, but I had to go seventy miles from home. But I had a car pass—I rode back and forth. That was the old Elmira, Cortland, and Northern branch of the Lehigh—that's tore out now. I was the clerk for the maintenance-of-the-way men, and I got to thinking about the West. I met a fellow that had some from Vegas. It was a funny thing, he was helping build the railroad in 1904—it was 1904 when I seen him—and he had a khaki shirt and the khaki trousers, and I thought, "That's a funny way to dress." When I got out here, that's the way they did dress at that time. When you cashed your paycheck, you either got a Stetson hat, or a khaki outfit, or you—most of them drank the rest of it up. I didn't; I tried to save it.

I got money enough to bring my mother and two brothers out, and I dallied along the road a little. I worked in Kansas and Missouri. In Kansas City, I worked for the railroad till I got disgusted and took the truck and the stuff and put it over the end of the place and walked out. I had to live on free lunch then in order to eat. And then I went to work for the Missouri Pacific railroad—in the freight cars. I don't believe that's in existence any more. And I didn't get my pay—they held three days' back—and I thought I might just as well quit work as to not be able to eat good.

So I did, and I went then to the— there was a big place that handled metal—I can't think of the name of it. And they had me stacking billets with my bare hands, and they're rough, you know. And they're about two feet long. I wore the skin all off my hands and I didn't have money for gloves, so I organized a strike. They were using us so mean— they held your money and everything. We didn't have any labor representative then, and there was a big marsh in back of the place, and there was a little red-headed Texan—he wasn't a regular Texan, he was born there, but he was too short to claim citizenship, I guess. I don't even remember his name, and he was the one I was poking up. He could talk like the dickens and he wasn't afraid. So there was—like a banker's cage—they used to have—made out of heavy wire, laced, and there was a big place over it—you get over. And there was two men back there and the rest of them were girls. And the two men were brave as could be, you know, thinking they were protected by this thing. Well, that darned Texan went right over it, and he took them out of the back door and they run through the marsh. They run through water and mud [waist] deep. And we heard the police car coming. They used to have a bell on it, and they would hit the bell, you know. The streetcars had the same thing. And we heard them coming, and they had to go around to get in. So we got out—I never got my money nor none of the rest of them. Some of them got feed because I think they caught them and took them to jail.

Then we went west to central Kansas. There was shipping men used to give tickets to ride on, you know, to go where you go to work. If it was railroad work, the railroad took care of it. If it was a contractor, of course, he had to take up your ticket. And I traveled around a lot with that because it didn't cost anything.

Then we went to Sherman's ranch on the border of Ellsworth and Rice Counties, and I don't remember—I know that that's their brand there [on his arm]—a shield with an S in it. And we stayed there a while, until we found out how hard you worked for how little money. That's where I rode my first bucking horse. I didn't even know how to ride, but they said I didn't dare, and I dared—so, I did. Boy, it liked to killed me. I'd swear my insides was all loose, and after I got tired of that, we went through harvest. We got a bonus if we went through harvest.

This was in Kansas. Carneiro was where we got our mail, working on the Sherman Ranch. We went there, and the boss was laid up with inflammatory rheumatism—I guess it is—you move and you holler, you know. He couldn't wiggle, and he was in the bunk right by the door in the bunkhouse. He'd been doing the milking. They'd just pick up wild old cows on the range if they were fresh (if it had a calf) and they put a surcingle around them here—right above the udder. But I didn't know that then. So he said, "Take the pail." They asked if I knew how to milk, and I always say "Yes" to anything they asked me because I wanted to keep the job.

I took the pail and I got down there. The barn was built into the side of the hill—they just had dug the gravel out for something, and they just built against that, then threw poles on top and threw the extra straw up there to make a roof. I went in. There were three cows. I chased them in from the corral, and there was about eight inches of loose manure—about like pancake batter—and no eyelet for a stanchion, you know, to put their head in. I didn't see any, and I didn't know about this surcingle. So I looked in their eyes to see which was gentle. And you'd be surprised how a cow will fool you. The one I picked "gentle" had a split teat, you know, and I didn't know

it. I took this little one-legged stool up there on the upright that held the roof—they'd left part of the limb—where they cut the limb off it left a knob. This cow that looked so gentle, I started, and I got the good teats first and didn't bother her. And I thought, "Well, I picked out a good one." And then I grabbed the one that was split. You're supposed to—they spit on their hands, but I didn't think you should where someone else was drinking the milk—and so I just grabbed, and when I did, well, I didn't know a cow could kick so hard. She kicked me in the stomach and knocked me over against the upright post, and that hit my head with one of them knobs, and I was practically out—and all three of them walked on me. The pail was bent and it was half-full of manure. I rubbed it out of my eyes so I could see to get over to the fence. I didn't even have my hat on. I went into the bunkhouse. Before that the boss couldn't even move, hardly, without hollering. And by God, he got a good belly laugh. He laughed—and I was trying to tell him what happened. I didn't know I had this old bent pail in my hand—I just picked that up and went over the fence. And he laughed. It must have helped him, because he got well quick. said, "My God, you've got to get someone else to milk them cows." I said, "No stanchions there, or anything," and I said, "they kicked me and they might have killed me." I said, "They walked right over me.

And then I got to husking corn—there come a harvest—and we got four cents a bushel. A bushel in a sixteen foot wagon box was an inch high. I worked till noon and I didn't even have one inch. Oh, I worked like the devil. I'd been standing, you know—it was a thousand-acre field there—and they husk it standing. They have the knock rack on the wagon, and you throw it up there, and them hillbillies, they just go after an ear, you know, like this, and they have a peg, and

they'd come down like that, and it was in. I got it, and then I had to twist it, like this, and get it between my legs to tear it loose, and by that time they'd throw a nubbin at the mules, and they'd run away. And then I'd go and get them. Then I told the boss, I said, "Well, Tom, I think I'll quit."

And he said, "Why?"

I said, "Look in that wagon, and I've been since noon."

He said, "Don't worry, I didn't change your name—you're still on the payroll."

Oh, they had the close herd in this standing corn, and it was a rainy day, and so they sent me out as a tenderfoot. They had trouble, because on rainy days you can't hold cattle down.

They get awfully uneasy, you know. And there's always one or two, when you get to the opposite side—you ride round and round and they showed me how. You keep hitting your chaps with the quirt and singing—and I can't sing. But anyway, it kept then amused. I got along. The old fellow there, old man Shoemaker had a dandy cutting horse by the name of Nubbins, and he never would let anyone have that horse. And by golly, he took a liking to me—felt sorry for me I guess—and so he said, "You can have my horse to ride." He knew they'd give me a bucking horse, and I hadn't got well from the last one. So I took his horse and I started out. And he said, "When you want him to move, just loosen the line." The spike, bits, you know—lots of them would ride tight, and I don't believe in it—just enough so they'd feel confident. And I learned that from what he told me. So I raked him a little bit, and I said, "Mike, Nubbins," and I shook the reins, and boy, away he went.

There was one fence—it was one of them old cattle fences, you know, that's just a stick and a loop to put over the—I tried to figure out how I could let it down like the rest of

them did—but I didn't know how. It was raining, spitting like, and I hollered, "Whoa, Nubbins!" No, I couldn't think of the name. I said "Cob," and "Stalk," and "Kernel," and I could think of everything but "Nubbins." But he stopped when he got right there—quick—just like that, you know; he don't slow up. And he slid right up to the gate. I pretty near went overboard, but I held on—I wasn't riding by any rule. I tried my best to unhook the thing and let it down, and I finally got it down, but I couldn't put it back up. If I'd reach down far enough to get it, I'd a fell out of the saddle. I didn't know enough to hook my spur over the cantle, and I maneuvered around. The horse was as gentle as could be, but he was quick. I maneuvered around, and I got off, and I got on carefully, and everything went right. I nicked un the herd—450 in the herd. They salt them down—they have the salt there, and it's easy to get them in and out. They want to get out to get a drink. I got them out into the cornfield, and I did like they told me. I kept going 'round and 'round. Every once in a while one would break out. When you got here, they'd break out there, so I just let the horse have his rein. He'd watch—he knew—he knew more than I did—and away he'd go, and all I had to do was hang on. I got so tired of singing. I think that the cattle felt better when I quit. And I finally got a little early; I started rounding them up and shoving them over into the place where they salted them down for the night. I got them in there, and by that time I was getting a lot of confidence in myself. I got them in there—and I had petted the horse and talked to him—they enjoy that, you know. And he was just as gentle and nice. I got on the horse and I started back. And here they come, the whole bunch, going to pick up the stock. They thought I'd have it all over the country. You know, they couldn't believe that I had them in. didn't say I was tired, or sore, or anything else.

They said, "How are you?"

And I said, "Fine, I had a nice time."

They were just waiting for.... They didn't care if it killed me—they'd a laughed.

So we stayed to get our bonus, I and this Englishman, and then went up to Cheyenne, Wyoming. That's where they had their first big rodeos. I never did get much homesick, only in Cheyenne, Wyoming. I went up there to get on roundup, and—well, I got sick from being in a place where there's no hills. This old cowpuncher told me, he said, "Well," he said, "You're just what they like, your build, and everything." I didn't tell him that I wasn't much of a horseman. And I was telling him how I felt, like I was homesick—only I wasn't thinking of home. And he said, "Well son, you come from where there's lots of hills?"

And I said, "Yep, I've always been around hills."

And he said, "That's what's wrong." He said, "I've seen 'em get sick and they just have to leave." And I laughed. But I wasn't there very long. I never did get on the roundup. I was kind of glad I didn't after I found out how you worked.

Oh, we got stopped at Greeley, Colorado. We stopped off there. Our tickets were farther than that, but we stopped off there because someone told us there was work. So we went down town and went to the employment office, and it said "Wanted, two Fresno operators." Neither one of us knew what a Fresno was, but we went in and said we wanted that job. They said, "All right," and they looked at your hands to see if they was calloused. We'd been driving mules, and herding cattle, and, well, a little of everything, because we didn't know anything. That is, any thing in their line.

I was only sixteen or seventeen, but I made up my mind several years before that I was coming West. A man come from Oklahoma

that was a millionaire and he was the one that give me the idea. He'd been working for my grandfather for \$7.50 a month, on a farm, and they had to work—and he went to Oklahoma City and took a couple of homesteads, and by golly, they put the city right where his homestead was—run right into it eventually. And he sold it out. I know all the women noticed he had silk socks when he came back. I don't even remember his name now, but that give me the idea.

Oh, I stopped in Salt Lake and delivered hay for the Blythemore Hay Ranch, and got all of my instructions in the Mormon Church, but I never joined them. They're still trying to get me in.

Well, the hay season run out, so I was ready to travel. They wanted me to stay. This Jimmy—there was two brothers that had the place—Jimmy was the very devout Mormon, and the other was an atheist—Nick. And if they had a mean mule, Nick called it "Brigham." And Jimmy, he paid his tithes regular, and every thing, and—oh, that disease that gets in the alfalfa—I forget the name of it. Anyway, it was all around him—even some of the Twelve Apostles had it in their alfalfa, but Jimmy, right in the middle, didn't have a sign of it, and he sold all of his hay at a better price. And he said, "See what paying your tithes and being a Christian does?" And you know, it did impress me. And I still think a lot of the Mormon people as a whole—good friends. They treated me wonderful there. I went to the meeting house with them and all this, and they introduced me to all the younger girls—a lot of good-lookers. And being a kid that way, and away from home . . .

Oh, let's see, they told me about this one young bride that one of the boys escorted her home. And her husband, who was a barber, shot him—didn't kill him. Oh, she was a swell looking girl with big, black eyes and

rosy cheeks, and just full of life. And she said, "Would you mind walking home with me?" Well, gee whiz, I was tickled. And when I got almost there—we'd walked a half mile, about, from the meeting house—and I never asked anyone anything, see? And I happened to see this barber sign, one of those candy sticks, like. And I said, "Where do you live? Here?"

"Oh," she says, "Right where you see the barber sign."

I said, "My God, was it your husband that shot that guy?"

And she says, "Yes."

Boy, I didn't run, but I walked fast. I never did even talk to her after that.

I darned near got married there, too. I was going with this girl. Her name was Mabel Peterson. And she liked me pretty well—said she did—acted it. And her father had a ten-acre piece of ground there, above Sugar House, a fruit farm. So I was the only one that she'd pay any attention to—she was pretty wild. The old man got me aside, and he said, "Now, if you'll marry Mabel, I'll give you this ten acres." He was going to build anyway—on another piece of ground he had. And he said, "You're the only one that could ever get her to do anything, she'll listen to you."

So I thought of it and thought of it. And I thought, "My God, she's liable to go wild again." I didn't want to take any chances, so I got and never told her where I was going. I landed here [Las Vegas] and I've been here ever since. If she ever found out I was here.... I told her I was going to South America—and she wrote a letter and said, "Don't be surprised if you see me on the next train." Boy, I set down and wrote a letter right away that I was leaving for South America—and she never come.

Well, I was satisfied in Las Vegas. I got a wire that I was on my way to South America when I come here. Then I got a letter in

General Delivery, which they used to put in a big box. (There were so many Mexicans and they couldn't pronounce their names or anything, so they had them in a big box, and they'd just hand them out. If you wanted general delivery, you went through them. Anything that felt as if it had any money they took it out, I suppose.) And I found a letter—it had come Western Union—but they'd sent it there. My mother was dying in White Plains, New York. So I rustled up enough money to send a wire. And boy, I got out and did some rustling. I did anything I could get—I beat rugs and anything so I could get back. I had to. But she got well. She outlived the doctor that said she was going to die, and she lived to be eighty-seven years old.

THE REAL WEST...

AND SOME COWBOY TYPES

I'll tell a bit about the real West. Well, first of all, when they dressed western, all of them had big hats, and they had kerchiefs, with a slide, or they tied a slip knot, because if they were back of a herd, and there was lots of dust, or in a branding corral (which they don't do any more) they'd put it up over their face, up above their nose to keep from swallowing it. And when they were just riding, they put it in front—here, and tightened it up a little. I have some of the slips there, and I have one that's about seventy-five years old, and it had a gold tip on it, but it got lost somewhere.

Another thing, when they rode back—where they was any close herding or anything, they sung the different songs and kept time with their quirt on their chaps. don't see them do that any more. Most of them had a yell, which was customary in them days, because in the war with the South, the different companies had different yells—the "rebel yell." They say that you can't hear it

now because you had to be half scared to death and half full of corn juice in order to make that yell the way they did. I remember one of Buffalo Bill's riders—of course, they weren't all true cowmen—they were, most of them, cavalry men—fancy riders. But he was one of them, and he used to, when he would be going through any monkeyshines or anything, he'd holler "i-diddy-i—di" and I always remembered it. And one here that I knew from Arizona—he used to yell "hi-ho, the cake's all dough, salty dog," and we called him "Salty Dog." There's quite a few that I don't remember any more—that's a long time. Now I never see them cuffing a horse with their hat. My God, I used to, when they was riding a bucking horse, they took their hat off and swung it around—that way. They're little things.

The things that bothers me, though, [in modern western movies] the women all have modern hair dressing. I have a lot of old pictures, and none of them ever dressed their hair that way. Most of them had a beehive up here [on back], and they had about four petticoats on—a lot different than these miniskirts! They all have sure strings. See, you didn't have to make one for a certain person—anybody could wear any of them, and they had them strings, and they put them all on. I don't know why, but I love to see stuff true to the date that it's supposed to be. When you see a Civil War [picture] when they're wearing their pillbox hats that they wore as soldiers, you know it isn't long because that hat don't last very long.

I remember when my uncle Charlie Orwin came back—I don't remember when he come back from the army—I wasn't there, but I was born. He had all of his uniform and his old gun. I guess he had to pay for the guns—except the officers—I think he was a captain in the cavalry. Out in the old tool

shed all of these hung up, and I was going to keep them. My cousin, anything I wanted, he wanted. So when I didn't know it, he took it and he darned near ruined the sword. You can see it up there with nicks on the end, and the scabbard was ruined. So I didn't get it.

In Kansas, there was a Rube Erickson—well, he was a supply man, and he went around from one station to another on the ranches Sherman ranch has six stations on it, and there was 60,000 acres under fence. It wasn't when I went there, but they fenced it all. This Rube Erickson he had a figure and a face that was sure as the dickens feminine. He wasn't feminine in any of his actions, but I always felt that he was a female. I never had any chance to find out, but I just felt that way because there was so many of them that happened there in Kansas as that time.

This one old fellow that died had rode for forty some years for this same outfit, and they never knew till he died that he was a woman. I don't know how they got by, but that was what happened at two of them at different times.

Our fence rider there at headquarters, at Sherman's, he didn't have any beard and he was in his late fifties. His face was just as smooth, his voice was feminine, and he was always neat and clean—even his hands, you know, he'd keep them washed. And there wasn't many of them did that. He always had a blanket around his bunk. He stayed pretty well to himself. And like me, he went out to the hide bin to take a bath. If you took a bath in the bunkhouse, they squirted tobacco juice at you, so you wasn't clean even if you had a bath.

I knew some Negro cowboys. I've got a picture of one when they took an Indian's leg off. And all they did—the doctor used a common meat saw and a butcher knife on an old door between two sawhorses. This Negro helped him. It was up at Delamar in Nevada—

up there from Caliente. Leo McNamee's dad give me the one picture, and I was supposed to get the other, but that got lost. And the leg sets up there against the thing, and all they did was get him full of whiskey and they cut his leg off, and he lived for years. And this—they called him "Nigger _____" it's on the picture. He helped the doctor, held the leg and set it over against the thing when it was off.

Then there was one out at that big ranch in Oklahoma that the Miller Brothers owned. I met the Miller brothers in Kansas City—was introduced to them by a bunkmate that had rode for them he was a fancy rider and a horse breaker and such things. He had three names? I don't know, he was in trouble, and he'd change his name, and I sent him back to the Sherman ranch in Kansas. I met him in Kansas City, and I sent him to the Sherman ranch. I'd known him by the name of Brady, and when I got there, he kept motioning to me with his hand, and I said, "What's wrong?" when I got over to him. He said, "I get my mail here under—" I think it was "Sweeney," Something like that. He got his mail at Carneiro, and he said, "Here at the ranch, "I'm"— oh, I can't remember—"Jim" something. So he finally told me that he knew the man that blew the safe in the Cottage Hotel in Oklahoma. I can't think of the name of the town. Finally it come to a point where he told me so many things that I knew he was lying, see, so I said, "Why can't you go back, Shorty, what—just why?"

And he said, "Well, I'd send my best friend to prison if I testified."

And I said, "You're your own best friend, aren't you?"

He knew then I knew. And that's when he tried to get me shot by those darned hillbillies. He'd went and told them some thing and—I tell you, I got so scared I couldn't eat; but they didn't know I was scared, and that was the best of it.

You could always tell the Texas cowpuncher. They used to make their lariat hard and fast tied, and no one else did. Oh, some of them did, but very few. They depended on the daily they took on the horn, you know. I seen them breaking horses to a rope and they just turn them loose, and I said, "My God, it's liable to kill them." I'd seen them tumbling around, you know, and being dragged. They said, "Oh no, it'll teach them that they don't want to get that rope under their tail or over their front, their neck, or anything like that." And they did learn.

MEMORIES OF EARLY-DAY LAS VEGAS

When I first come to Las Vegas in 1906, there was mostly tents and buildings moved from Westside, or Ragtown, they used to call it. All them old fashioned 1 x 12—just 1 x 12's was all they were—and that was the cheapest, with bats on them, and false fronts—straight false fronts.

And the restricted district down there—there was the Gem Saloon, the Turf Saloon, the Favorite Saloon, the Double-O Saloon, the Arizona Club, and the Black Star Saloon—that was originally the Arizona Club, that they had temporarily built until they constructed the Arizona itself. And, and there was another saloon—Mickey's Hotel and Saloon on Main Street. And the Nevada, which is the Sal Sagev now. John Miller had it. And well, eventually they moved the Favorite up, which later was the Las Vegas Saloon.

That was the old Block Sixteen, the restricted district. And that was the smartest thing they ever had, and the foolishhest thing when they tore it out. Because they went there, and the police knew it. It's funny, but two good-for-nothings get in a crowd, and

one over here and one here, and they'll come together, and the police know that. And they'd go down there and they could check. The girls had to have a certificate from the doctors and everything, and you knew where they were. Now they're everywhere, so I think they did a wrong. I think that was the most sensible thing. Old Ed Clark was pretty smart you know; he foresaw a lot of things that other people didn't. For instance, the alleys were wonderful, but they quit using them and now they've give them all away.

Well, old Julius Fox had a tent hotel right across from the Arizona Club, on the other side of the road. Even the partitions were canvas. (I know. I swiped one to do my blankets up in.) Anyway, they come there one night—Bill Stewart, and I forget who the other one was—and they took five gallon cans, and there was lots of them because all of them had gasoline stoves, and they got their gasoline in them. Two five gallon cans come in a box. And they picked up some of them cans and put stones in them. They put these stones in and then they'd throw it up on the roof and

then it would roll down. Oh, it made an awful noise with the stones in it. Then they went over and borrowed the hog leg from one of the bartenders and they'd shoot in the air. Old Julius Fox was a Jewish man, and he'd come out and he'd say, "Please don't shoot through my hotel. You'll kill my customers. I've got to get my rent from them." And he'd beg them. He thought they were shooting into the place, and he knew it would go through a dozen of those walls, you know.

They bothered him as long as they could, and then someone went to old Judge Lillis. He was the justice of the peace at that time. And earlier they had arrested him. Let's see, who was the other one? I forget who was the other one there with Stewart—it was Keith and Stewart. And Jim Keith, when he had a badge on him, was deputy—when they needed an extra man—had helped to arrest Judge Lillis because he got drunk about every so often. And they put him in jail. First they put him in his own place, which was an old store building, and he had a bed room that was partitioned off. They put him in there, and they put a slat across and nailed it. He couldn't get out and he broke the window, and climbed out the window. And so they put him in jail. This was before this other happened. So when they were brought up before a judge, he got even. He fined them fifty dollars apiece for breaking and entering, and I don't know—for kidnapping—well, everything he could think of. They howled like the devil.

He said, "That's all right. They wasn't so careful about—when they had me in." Oh, we had some great ones! This was a justice of the peace, and he was used to talk like the dickens right in his chair. He'd get drunk.

Oh, the old jail—there was an old cage made out of strap metal—metal straps they got from the railroad some way—and they riveted them together and made a cell that

they could put someone in so they couldn't tear everything up. The jail that they had was made of two by fours, one on top of the other, and fabricated, and they was afraid they'd set it afire, so they had this jail made—or this cell. And it had two metal frames for a bed, that fastened against the wall, that could be put down. And they put that inside of this other jail, so that they could take their matches and stuff away, and put them in, and lock them up, and didn't have to worry.

And burros, you know, run loose—we didn't have any stock law. There must have been a couple of carloads of them running up and down the street, eating out of the trash barrels. And you know, they like paper with the colored pictures on it. They'll eat the color off a can because it's bright. I don't know, I guess they like the glue or something. But a lot of them old prospectors used to hunt around for funny papers to take out to their burros. It never seemed to hurt them. When they run loose, if you left any rubbish or anything out that they could eat, why, they'd stand there and evidently call the others by hee-hawing. And so each one would take a few tin cans and—at night—we'd sometimes put stones in them to throw at them. They're more or less like the bear to chase off—the bear, you know, you can chase off with a tin can better than you can with a gun. And they'd scratch themselves on your tent and darn near tip it over—and run against it, you know, and if two get to rubbing on the same side, you'd think it was going over. I had a tent up there across from the El Portal Theater—oh, where that barbecue is now. And I had to get someone to sleep there with me when the wind would come up. It would blow the tent right off from the floor—slide off. I'd get someone who had quite a little weight and let them have part of the blankets to lay against—see, it was boarded up about three feet, and you could hold down.

In the evenings, we'd get downtown and we'd go up to the beanery, as we called it. It was a two-story place down there, built by the railroad. They had a dining room and a lunch counter there, and we used to get there and catch burros. They'd come to eat out of the wheelbarrow. So we'd go and take a pole with a wire—there was baling wire all over in them days—and we'd fix a baling wire noose. And when he'd lift his head out of the barrow, you'd get it over him, and then you'd bet on riding him. I don't know whether you ever rode a burro, but you don't ride him straight up; you lay on him backwards, and you put your feet around their neck, and hold onto their flanks. I never tried. Shorty Matteucci, he was the expert. He's got two sons now, and both of them are attorneys.

We had a few that were bad, but I never had a lock on my old tent for a good many years, and never had anything stolen. The only thing that was stolen, I stole myself. My mother would lay stuff out in this old tent and there was no lock, and she had a good diamond ring and a nice watch and some old-time jewelry. And so I come, and here it was, right out—you could have grabbed it and got out easy. My old dog Dusty was asleep in there and she was getting old. A burglar could have come in and she wouldn't say anything, only wiggle her tail. I pulled the drawers out, and pulled stuff out of them, and I went, and I was going to come right back. But I was a trouble shooter, see, and I got some trouble to take care of when I got down to the office. So I took care of that, and I forgot all about this, and I come, and I thought, "My God, there's someone hurt or something." Be fore I got to the house I could see the yard was full—the people was all out on the street. I come up and I said, "What happened?"

And they said, "A burglary!"

And oh, God, it struck me then. Here she'd called the police you know, and old Sam Gay was getting a posse ready to go out—it wasn't a posse, it was just he sent riders out around to hunt someone up that had different things that she thought were stolen. And I got Sam and I said, "My God, Sam, that's a mistake."

And he said, "Well, you'll have to pay for the horse."

I said, "That's all right."

He says, "You'll have to buy drinks for the bunch that's down there."

I says, "That's all right." And so, I paid for the horses. There was two livery stables. Well, anyway, I paid for the horses, and we went down the line—a lot of them dropped out. We went in the first saloon and I said, "Give them all a drink and tell me how much," and I paid for it. I didn't do that again, but it broke her. Oh, my brother come home and kicked the stuffing out of the dog. He said, "You damned old fool, you lay here and let us be robbed and do nothing," and the poor dog didn't know anything about it, see.

I used to get all of old Sam's horses down there—he didn't like to feed them. And I'd see a horse in the jail yard, and I'd say, "How long before that will be for sale?"

"Oh," he says, "Now, that guy ain't never coming back."

And I'd say, "All right." Well, they didn't—they were boomers, and they didn't intend to stay—they was looking around, like I was. So I'd say, "What do you want for them now?"

"Oh, about \$5.00, but there's a half a bale of hay there, and I've fed him the rest and my time is worth a couple of dollars," and probably it would end up ten. I'd take them and slick them up and get their hoofs trimmed, and then I'd sell them. I picked up some pretty decent ponies, too—they were mostly just ponies, because they'd just leave them.

I done anything I could make money on honest. I bought any second-hand thing anyone wanted to sell cheap enough. We bought cars—the roads was so bad, and the people would get stuck, they didn't know how to drive on the desert, and they'd come in and they'd sell them for anything. One old fellow said, "I don't give a ____." I said, "I'll pull it in for you, for a little enough." He said, "I don't want it." He had a kid driving for him; he was an elderly man. He said, "I don't want anything to do with it. Just give me the money now."

I says, "How much you want?"

And he says, "Anything." I think I give him thirty dollars, something like that, and it was a good, new Ford. He'd put lockers in, and he had a tent, and oh, there was a lot of stuff in there. And there was an extra tire or two. And it had run off the road and he'd got mired down, and he didn't know how to get out.

And then another one we bought. A fellow come in—and I think he stole it. But it was so hard to communicate them days— you only could by Western Union. I bought the car—he was a salesman, and it was bought in Kansas. It had a bill of sale, a great, big legal-looking paper with a big seal on it—gold seal and long red ribbons. And an Indian come up from Needles and wanted to buy a car. So everyone sent him to us—there wasn't any second-hand car places. He come and I unfolded that thing, and gee whiz, his eyes sparkled when he seen that big legal-looking paper. He hesitated and I'd fold it back up. Talked to him a while and he'd hesitate. I took him ariding in it, and he'd get to hesitating and I'd open this thing and hold it up and that's what sold that car.

And a funny one—and it was funny, too. One of the Indian boys had the Indian ranch up there (Vera Krupp just sold it to Howard Hughes recently). They lived there—two brothers. They weren't brothers, but people

thought they were. They were picked up by this man that settled there. He was a metallurgist, a mining man, and he adopted both of them and brought them up. They was Tweed and Jim Wilson. Tweed was just as much different as could be. Jim didn't talk much. He used to come when we'd be up there putting up fruit at the Cottonwood Ranch—it used to be. Mother was up there putting up Indian peaches; there was a lot of peach trees. And old Jim would come and sit on the front porch. She'd make pies, you know, out of the peaches—when she was putting them up. He'd come and sit on the porch and he wouldn't say anything, or ask, for anything. And Mother would go out and say, "How are you, Jim?"

"Oh fine."

"You want some pie?"

"Oh, yes ma'am." She'd give him a great, big piece, about a third of the pie, and they were big pies.

Well, anyway, Tweed bought a car, a Dodge; Jim wouldn't ride in one. He still wanted a horse. But Tweed would come downtown and he'd get lit. About half of this little reservation, out here—they sat on the side of a bank building (where the Diamond Jim is now) and it was an old thing with a porch, and they had a furniture store. But the Indians would all get there because the sun come down, and it was warm in the morning, and that porch was full. Tweed come by and he said, "You boys want a ride?" Well, they all wanted to ride in the Dodge. They got in, and Tweed hadn't been down since they'd changed the road down there at the ranch. They changed the road; where the bridge used to go over that creek that run down there (that's covered up now) why, they took that bridge out and they moved the thing over here. So he come, showing them how fast it would go, and he got right there and there was no bridge. He all but jumped it. If it had been a

little lower on the other side, he'd have made it. It went over, and it hit that side, and it just threw these Indians! And they landed all over, and they was all walk ing around there when people went down. Someone went back in a car and told them about it. People used to gather downtown; there wasn't anything else to do, and they all began to go down there to see if any of the Indians was hurt. None of them was hurt bad. They all got away. But, of course, there was only two that would ride back with him.

In those early days, the things here were so much different. See, the politicians were all up north. That's why they took all the money up there. I don't forget it. And they come down, and they had to ride on the two railroads and the stage. They come down, and they had a sack of gold pieces, and one carried them, and they went into every saloon. It didn't take long to know they was here, because they sent runners out to get a big crowd. There wasn't so many people in town. They could just go around a little ways and get all of them. And we'd go down on the line [Block Sixteen] because they had the most population— they had a lot of girls there. They'd march into the first saloon and all have drinks. And this fellow would ask the bar tender, and he'd put down twice what he told him. And then we'd march in the next, and by the time we got down to the last, why here was quite a crowd—they'd pick up the girls all the way along and they'd go with us. They'd sing some song, and march along. And every time anyone that amounted to much left town, they took up a collection, and it went that way.

There was no entertainment—you had to make it. That's why these fights started. It wasn't that they had malice, or any thing, but they just got feeling big and they wanted to have a good time, and they'd fight until one

give up. Everything they could make any fun out of, they did. And they'd spend a whole darned week here—I'm talking about local things—planning some thing for excitement. There was a man here, Dad Kieth, they called him. He was an old spider weight, which they don't have any more, a boxer when he was young, and he was as nimble as could be, and not afraid of anything, and full of the devil. His name was Jim, but they called him "Dad." So he was always doing something. They put the beer kegs out in front when they were empty, and he'd get back of them and get some round stones that had been pushed to the side of the street when it had been bladed, and he'd throw them on Johnny Horden's saloon, which was the first one down there. That is—not in age, but—well, when you started down to the line. And he'd throw this stone up and it would roll down, Johnny was a feisty little Irishman that would rather fight than eat, and he'd tuck his bib up here, if he was tending bar, and out he'd come. And old Dad could get in a spot that would hide him, behind the saloon. He was so nimble, you know; he'd just bend all up and he'd get behind the beer kegs and shake with laughter. And Johnny didn't dare stay out be cause the cash drawer wouldn't be protected. He'd run back and no more than get in and Dad would throw another one. He'd get him so mad that—well, finally he'd quit and get away. He didn't want to get caught.

I don't know if I told you about when he put the dynamite in the broomstick. Well, he was always thinking up something, and he got this broomstick, and cut it off, like a stick of dynamite. He took the covers—the dynamite [covers] you could get any place, the prospectors they'd cache it or have it in their tents—and he drilled a little hole so just a short fuse would go down in it. And he went into Horden's, and they had a dealer they called "Cock-eyed Cox"—you never could tell

where he was looking—one eye looked one way and one the other. And Dad lit that, and it looked so short, you know—gee, it's a minute to a foot—and he made believe he was drunk, you know, and he had it up so everyone could see it, and everyone was hollering, "Throw that out, Dad; you'll blow the place up!"

Just when it was almost ready to blow up, if it was real, he'd pull the thing out. And he had some more—he'd put another one in and go to the next place. Everyone followed him in, and they'd all line up to the bar, and the bartender would look happy, and he'd look over, and here would be Dad with this thing. And when they all tried to get out—they all started out of the back door, and there were all double doors. They'd been—oh, a grocery store and different things over here, then they moved over there, see? And none of them were anything that was built permanent. And they'd start out the back door and almost always one side of the door would be a pole down in the floor. So they'd go through this narrow one, and the first ones—some would stumble and go down, and the other ones would stumble over them. Finally, there would be three or four there, and the rest of them running right over them. This Cox, he—Dad laid it down on the roulette table—and out of the window Cox went. He just turned around, jumped through, and took the sash and all.

That night we ended up at the Arizona Club, with a whole bunch with us, and they went into the old Black Star, which was Mother Davis's place, the last one. Oh, she was a hard old customer—she says, "Blow it up, you wild...." I forget what she called him—it don't sound good anyway. And she didn't pay any attention when he laid it over on the bar; she just knocked it off. She wasn't scared of anything. She could hit just as hard as any man.

Well, there was so many things. Of course, we had a celebration, the fire company, on Labor Day every year from 1911 on till they had the fire department. We had hose races and water fights. We had two carts, and we pulled them by hand. I most always pulled the rope out because we'd had a dog and a ratchet on the coiled rope. I'd throw the dog over, and run out with that—and always a long-legged man, if we had one in the company, took the lead. He'd grab the front end of that rope—it was doubled—and then they run to the fire with that. And invariably the "lock box," as they called it, it was in front and had the spanners that you took the cap off from the hydrant with and could turn the water on. I always had a pair of lineman's pliers I was doing the power and telephone work—and I had to open the darned thing with that. Without those old pliers we wouldn't have put many fires out. I have some of the old leather hats—we had leather helmets, and after they got wet, they shrunk, so we had to buy a hat stretcher. I went over there and filled the washtub with water and put them in and get them soft and stretched them out—one at a time—so they could wear them next fire. And we always had all we wanted to drink when they got back. Any bar was open to you if you had a fireman's coat.

The shivarees were kind of practical jokes, too. (I had two of them.) We would go down to what they called "the Brewery"—Clark Forwarding had it. Ed Clark was the big man here then, politically. And he'd give em orders, always, that we could get a keg of beer. Someone would pay for it in the end. But we'd get the keg of beer (still I have the pump for it down in the basement, and it works, or it did work quite a few years ago. You pumped it up when it loses the gas.) We had a lot of tin cups that belonged to the fire company, and we'd get them out, and most always get someone

with a wheelbarrow, a two-wheeled cart, or maybe an old buckboard. And some of them had steps on them, if they had a braking cart, you know, it had steps on back, And you could put the beer on that, or put it on the seat, and the bartender could stand on that step. I most always got to be the bartender because I never drank too much. Everyone had a cup and come up and got a drink. I had to solder the handles on, though, because they would get to singing and keeping time, especially when we'd have our feed, about once every ten days. And we had these plates. And they'd get to keeping time when they was singing with the cup on the plate, and the handles come off. So I soldered them all on—let them bang them as hard as they wanted. (I have some of the plates and one of the cups, and I'm going to give them to the museum if they'll take them.)

Well, your shivaree—you 'most always tried to get the groom and take him away. We'd take him away and get him lit or some darned thing—most anything, just so that it made someone worry. This one fellow, Roy Mosbach, when he was married, we had his shivaree, and his wife lived over in what we called Rag town then, over here [Westside]. We filled his arms full of sandwiches to go home. See, they donated our sandwiches any time we went in; they gave 'em to us. He got home and he didn't have any sandwiches. He said, "The table's full of sandwiches." He had one or two was all. His wife went out—she told us after wards. She says, "I went out and I looked all over, and there wasn't any sandwiches, only these one or two, and they was mussed up." That next morning, she said, when they went to town—they had a certain place they walked, everybody come over a little path—it wasn't a walk, it was just a path. And here was his sandwiches, all along that path. He'd dropped them. (I seen him when I went down to see my son in San Diego. He's

down there—he's married again for the third time.)

Oh, there were so many of them. Everyone had a shivaree. If they was in the fire company, we always give them one. The last one that had one through the fire company was a fellow by the name of Arnold Scott. (He called me long distance the other day from—oh, he's in the north end of Idaho somewhere. He never writes, but I send him a card and tie sends me a card back, or calls me up.) He's the last one, and we rode him and his wife on the old cart we had with the ladder on it, that we never used after we got the other up-to-date equipment. But we got them on that, and the firemen got between each spoke. It had a long ladder that went on these two wheels. We took them along and made a lot of noise. Everybody got a horn, or something they could pound, and we took them up Fremont. Well, we let him go home—we were getting civilized then. But, Mosbach's—that was when we were still "the dirty dozen"—we went down—took him to the ranch.

And there was a place there—the Mormons have straightened it all up now—but they called it Barrell Spring. There was a nice, cold spring there under the trees, and big cottonwoods, and we'd go down there and have these feeds. And each one had to do a skit of some kind. He could recite or he could sing or dance, or anything he could do—he had to do something. That's where they'd knock the handles off the cups—they'd applaud in that way, and also they'd keep time to any music. He was brought up in Old Mexico, and he could sing and talk Mexican fine. So, he started, and there was a path coming through the tall arrowweed down there then, coming through it from—well, up where the Block Sixteen was—it started there, and come right down to the ranch, alongside the little creek, which is dried up now. We'd go down

there and take all this food that we'd begged, and have a big feed. He'd sing "La Paloma" and he'd always take the butcher knife that we used to cut bologna and stuff up with, and he'd go through a lot of monkey work. Well, here come a fellow down the path, and he was lit, and he run into Roy swinging this knife around, and he didn't see anyone else because the fire was up there and he couldn't see. So he tins back, and there's a bunch down at the Arizona Club because they had a dance floor there. And he gets a bunch of railroad men, and here they come! He went there and he told them that a guy tried to cut his gizzard out. He said he had a knife eighteen inches long. Frank Fuller, and he was killed over in France, a soldier. And, any way, here they come, by golly. They had sticks and old ball bats and everything you could think of. They were going to get this guy who was after him with a knife.

I says, "What's wrong?"

And they said, "Well, someone wanted to cut Fuller all up. He had a knife that long.

I said, "Why that was Roy Mosbach, one of your brother brakemen. He's right down there in the bunch. Come down and have some sandwiches and beer." And they forgot all about it. It was funny, though, he knew that knife was "that long." Roy didn't even see him.

Oh, there was so many things that happened. You had to create something to make it exciting. I didn't try to create this, but there was a boy come over and wanted to borrow my saddle horse. He was the chiropractor, the first one we had here, Doc Noblett. Someone had the halter off from the horse, and they had put it on so big that it come way down on his breast so he could pull, you know, and get away. I never noticed it. My mother come out with me and I wanted to discourage him from taking the horse out. I was going to make him faunch around you

know, and tell him he was hard to ride, and so I got to the side of him and hit him, and I took my thumb—like that—and I hit him in the flank, and away he went. And he dragged me, I couldn't hold it—I didn't know that thing was that way. I had been dragged about a half a block, and I couldn't stop him, and he was scared then, too; with dragging me, you know, it made dust. And I let go, and away he went. I could see him jumping over mesquite—oh, that high—and this kid hanging onto his mane. So I started to run down there and see if he was hurt, when he stopped. I didn't know where he was, and I went down. The ruts in these roads all around here, where they were used a lot, were twelve inches deep. Here was two Dutchmen, sausage makers and bologna makers for the old Nevada—they made their own bologna and sausage and stuff. They were German, and they couldn't talk good English. And they was coming with the loose leaf ledger, to open up and start to work. Well, here the horse—I seen them picking up these leaves, and here was their buggy with no front on it at all. "The horse broke loose," he said.

I said, "Did you see a boy with a horse, here?"

"Oh yeah, we see him," he said. "His horse he scare my horse, my horse sit in my lap." They didn't talk that way, but that's what he meant. The horse backed up and it broke the pin. And then their horse took off, and he had the same marks and everything as mine—a star on his forehead and three white boots.

I said, "Well, what—where'd the boy go?" And they pointed down to the ranch. So I started down there, and when I got pretty near down there, here come a horse with two wheels—the sills and two wheels. And I thought it was my horse. I says, "For God's sake, where'd you pick them up?" And then I happened to think. In all the excitement I hadn't thought that that's what the Dutchmen

had lost, and the horse turned around. I tried to catch him see, and he turned around he went back to town. And my horse run uptown, and he fell down once, and then he went into the old printing office [Las Vegas Age], which was a building set up on blocks—right where the Nugget is now. And here their type rack was right in front of the door, and here was the old printer. He had a sister and himself, and they looked just alike. As they stuck their head out of the window, you would swear that they were twins—maybe they were. Well, anyway, he was standing there, and I didn't catch the horse then. He went in there, but he went out—he stumbled and he slid along the floor and he got a sliver in his mouth. I didn't know it then—it was as big as a pencil—way back here.

I said, "Did you see my horse? They tell me it went in here."

He said, "He did," and he said, "I looked down and he had his head right between my legs, down there, and I wondered how the horse got in." He said, "I got out, and the horse turned around and got up, and run out again." I finally caught him down on Fifth Street. But the horse, every time I'd go out to put the bit in his mouth—put his bridle on, he'd wiggle his mouth and shake his head. I went and looked in his mouth and I seen this thing about as big as a pencil there, I thought it was just something that got in there, and it didn't come loose. So I seen that there must be more in his mouth, and I went and got a pair of pliers, and I got ahold of it and I pulled it out. And he didn't fuss at all—he knew I was helping him. And by golly, that thing was, oh, six or seven inches long.

Well, in 1907 they had a terrible bunch of tough ones here. There was about forty of what we called "yeggs" in them days. They were men that didn't want to work and they just lived by thievery and crooked ways. They

got to robbing the freight cars. They was a lot of dugouts that were made out of railroad ties when they were building the railroad, and they were down there across from the Arizona Club on the Wasserbach property. And the yeggs were sleeping and living there, and they were taking the groceries and stuff they stole from the railroad, and storing it down there. So Sam Gay, who was the only policeman (he was deputy sheriff, deputized by Lincoln County) he got them cornered down there. I stood in front of the Arizona Club, which was right across the street, and there was a man stood with me, visiting. You could hear—there wasn't much greenery, shrubbery or any thing here then, and you could hear a voice a long ways. And we heard Sam go over and hollered, "Come on up."

These were all in the ground, and someone down there said, "Is that you Sam?"

And he said, "Yes, I want you." And it sounded like they took firecrackers and threw them out. Gee, a lot of shots. I stood there and I said, "Well, there'll be someone killed." But there wasn't anyone killed. Just then a bullet hit right above our heads, and we got behind the pillar then. And there was a lot of shooting.

Pretty soon, here comes Sam (there were no street lights either, then) and he had them lined up. There was one great, big fellow that Sara was dragging by the collar. He stopped in front of the—the Negro had just put up a bolt-together restaurant that come in on a flat car. It was right next to the old Fox Hotel. The Negro come out with a gun in each hand and he said, "What's all the trouble?"

And Sara said, "I've got these men to take down to jail. Have you got a wheelbarrow?"

And the colored fellow said, "Oh, yes."

Sara said, "Go and put the guns up and bring the wheelbarrow." And he said to this fellow, "Are you going to walk, or am I going to have you wheeled down there?"

And he says, "I won't walk for any S. O. B."

Sam had a hand like a ham; he was a big man, you know, and he hit that big fellow and knocked him flat with the broad of his hand. The colored boy had the wheelbarrow there, and Sara picked the big fellow up and threw him in the wheelbarrow, and he said, "Now, come on down to the jail," he said, "I'm swearing you in in the name of the law—I'm asking your help."

The jail was then on Fifth Street, just off of Fremont, on south Fifth on the east side. And he marched them down there and put them in jail. The next morning he took them out. I was down doing some electrical work down at the Old Gunahl Lumber Company and I was up on the roof. They'd cut the roof and pushed it out to make it bigger, and I was up there changing the wires, and I seen him coming with his parade. There was sixteen of them, two abreast, and he was in back of them. He was telling them what to do. He got down there, and there wasn't any road that went out then, only just in the Clark townsite. And he pointed—I couldn't hear what he said—and he pointed up towards the south, and told them, and so he started them off. And they started pretty fast because he kicked this one that was passing him then, with the bottom of his foot, and just lifted him right off the ground. And the next one was going too fast, he couldn't kick him. They went—you could just see a string of dust all the way up there—oh, they must have run for a mile.

Sam came back, and I got down and I said, "Well, Sam, you sure got rid of them easy."

He said, "You know, that saved the state and county a lot of money." He said, "If I'd taken them into court, all they'd have done was give them a short sentence. We'd have had to ship them up, we'd have fed them until they got the wrinkles out of their bellies, and then they'd turn them loose." He said, "Now,

them men will never come back here as long as I'm here." And they never did.

I seen him cure a cripple: There was a yegg here, and he had a cane, a broomstick. His face was all out of shape, and he was all bent over. In the Arizona Club they had what they called a double-eagle machine—a slot machine. With a slug [token], or even a nickel, you could buy a beer, or tobacco, or anything in the Arizona Club. Anyway, this Martin Hamilton, who was the bar tender that night on the graveyard shift, when he woke up, this machine was gone. Well, no one would ever think a cripple with his head going all the time, and his face all out of shape, and all humped over, could carry that machine away.

Sam got suspicious. Everybody in town went up to meet the train and steal a little ice to take home with them. The whole town would go up in the middle of the street—wouldn't dare do it now—and we'd get up there and swap news, you know, and like that. Here come this panhandler and he was begging money. So Sam grabbed him by the nape of the neck, or the coat, and whirled him around. He said, "You know, I don't believe in hitting a cripple, but," he said, "I don't think you're any cripple." He grabbed the broomstick out of his hand and he hit him across the rear where it wouldn't hurt him—oh, it would hurt him, but, I mean, serious. And that guy was the quickest cured cripple—he run like a deer.

And Sam said, "Now, there is a case for you. That fellow was in an awful shape when I hit him, and now he's cured." And he said, "He'll never be back," and he never did.

But poor old Martin Hamilton lost his job. He lost his job, and that's when he went down to Arizona with his brother to start a place where people stop—a motel.

That was one thing Sara did. He did a lot of things, here. By golly, you know what

they'd do nowadays. It would be a federal case, because they're interstate, and they'd spend a lot of money on attorneys, and they'd send them up there—pay their fare, and when they got the wrinkles out of their belly, they'd let them go. And they'd come back. They didn't do that with Sam.

There was a fellow by the name of Worley. He mixed mortar for plaster, a hod carrier, I guess he was. He was always practicing shooting. He was a swell revolver shot. He bought and built a trap to shoot clay pigeons, and he could hit the clay pigeons, nine times out of ten, pretty near. Always shooting, and he always said, "If anyone comes at me with a gun, I want to be sure that I can meet him."

By gosh, here he is in this restaurant, Lambert's Restaurant (it's where the Carrousel is now). It was facing Fremont. And he set there, and here come a drunk who insulted the waitress. She had hysterics—it scared her. Worley got up, punched the guy for insulting the waitress. So he just went out the back door, and he didn't offer to fight or anything. And when he come back he had a gun. He just come up to Worley and let it go. And I thought, old Worley had practiced so much, and then never got a chance.

Jack Raynolds was that waitress's husband. We had a Hell dorado parade, the firemen did, and Jack was up there talking to me. And by golly, he left me and he went over to home and shot himself. It wasn't too long after that shooting up there that his wife was mixed in, and, Lord, she was done up for—oh, several months—just all broke to pieces. He was a happy-go-lucky guy. He never had said anything about suicide, but I think it was something he drank.

Oh, another funny one here: we used to have prize fights in the old Hickey Hall, which was up on Main Street, about three blocks from Fremont. And we'd take saw

horses in there and put planks across. And invariably, some of them would break down in the middle of the fight. But they'd fight there, and whenever someone didn't show up—oh, they had some of the funniest things happen there. One thing was, they got these two kids to go in, and they told each one of them that the other one wasn't going to hit very hard. They told them, unbeknown to the other one, they told each of them the same thing, "He won't hit you, but you hit him, hard as you can." They come together, and they both took a great, big swing and knocked each other down. They both went down. And the one kid gets up that's the scariest of them, and his eyes—he looks as if he's scared to death—and he started around the ring, running away from him, and he run so fast and didn't look where he was going, he run into him, and they both went down again. And everybody was roaring you know, and then some of the seats broke down.

Another time there was a colored fellow in there fighting a man that worked for me. Anyway, his trunks got right down around his feet and he couldn't do anything, and everyone was hollering, "Kill the nigger!" The nigger got them up again, and he hauled off and whaled this guy that stood there with his mouth open, looking, and licked him. Good thing he lost his trunks.

One time the man didn't show up for the main fight. They'd had the preliminary, and he didn't show up, and they called for a volunteer. And this volunteer is alive yet—his name is Charles Aplin. He's painting every day—oh, he must be—he's older than I am—a little, not much. But he—if there was a bad horse or anything else no one dared do it, he'd volunteer. He didn't even know this fellow was he was going to fight. He'd just got out from a big beefsteak meal in a restaurant, and here he gets in there with a full stomach. And this

big guy jumps up in the ring, and about the second belt, he hit him below the belt—in the stomach, and he threw up all the meat he ate, and they threw a sponge in. He picked the sponge up and threw it back at the guy. And he said, “He didn’t lick me yet,” and he stayed in there until they just had to take him out. (I seen him not long ago and visited with him.) Well, we had as much fun as if it was a show.

There’s a list of the old telephone numbers: the bank was 1; W. E. Hawkins was 27; Walter Bracken was 44; John Park’s was 45; and the power house was 13.

The power company only run in the night, and the telephone company only in the daytime. The telephone girl, one of them we had, was Grace Ferris, who has been dead a good many years. Doctor William Park was the manager, and I was lineman and trouble shooter. I slept there to take care of emergencies. And the worst emergency we had was old Bill Stewart. Every time he got drunk, he’d call up about midnight, and wake me up, to get a chicken supper—chicken dinner, he wanted. Oh, I’d cuss him, and I tried to figure some way I could blow him up, but I couldn’t figure. I’d get rid of him—I’d insult him and I’d get rid of him, and pretty soon he’d call again. I slept there—had a bed that let down. I built it myself. I took care of emergencies— a doctor’s call, or fire—something like that. If it was a fire call, I run out and rung the bell and got the rope out for them— told them where it was. We had only the one telephone girl, and she just worked the one shift. The first one that I ever knew was Grace Ferris.

The fire department had one engine, a 90 horsepower, single cylinder, horizontal engine, built by the Western Engine Company in California. (They’re not in business any more.) Her nickname was “Betsy,” and during the 1911 strike, I think she carried a hundred

percent overload—that old Betsy. There’s a set of old doors, that were in the Mother Lode country—they had to have something cheap, they didn’t have any money. And by golly, they’re down there now at a little office on Main Street. It’s too bad they don’t get them for the museum—you know, they’re antiques. And they’ll be throwing them out for scrap iron, like they did Betsy.

The first engineer at the old plant was a man by the name of Fred Salmon. He come from Colorado. And later, we had a man by the name of Raxey Baumgartner. He was going to shoot me, too. He was a funny old duck. Anyway, I was an official bill poster, so I was putting this thing up on the old powerhouse store house, and he had a room there, before he moved his family here. And he said, “Just get away from there and don’t make any more noise on that wall.”

I said, “Dr. Park, your and my boss, told me to put them here, and I’m going to put them there, unless he tells me not to.”

And he said, “By God, I’ll shoot you.”

I says, “Come on out and shoot.” I went right on sticking it up. The fellow was from the south that was the advance man for this company—we had a circuit through here. He run, and I went right on putting them up. And Baumgartner stood there with the gun, and I said, “Go ahead and shoot.”

And this guy was peeking around the corner. Then he come back when the old fellow went back in and went to bed.

I told him, I said, “I’m under orders, just the same as you, and you want to call Doc, you do it.” But he didn’t have a telephone there. We had it into the plant. He was a mean—what he wanted to do, he wanted to get my job for his son. And he darned near got electrocuted because he hollered at him, and for awhile you can’t say anything after you get a good shock, you know.

At the old theater, I was the scene shifter, I was the stage electrician, and property man, and janitor, and curtain tender and I swept the floor. I did anything to make money. They were about to go broke when they got here. This was a break from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, see? It was better than wearing them out. And so they cut up lots of capers, and I helped them. This Baumgartner he was a big red-faced kid, and he thought he was a ladies' man. They needed a baby in the play, and so they had a baby buggy, and how they ever got him into it I don't know—he was so big. We all had to lie to him a little, see? We said, "Now, you get in there and no one will know who it is because it will be sideways." (I was siding with the actors, see?) And, "You'll be in the background,"—and everyone knew him, see—Raxey. So, they got him in there, and his face was redder than usual because he was all bent up, you know. They put it right to the front of the footlights. Everybody in the place hollered, "Raxey!" And, oh, his face was purple. And he got out, and he went right home, too, he didn't wait till after the show.

He'd been there watching the quick-change artist. We had laced two pieces of scenery together, and she'd go in there, and throw her clothes right and left, see? Well, he thought that she'd finally be pretty near nude, so he was watching. And I never looked—I never looked through the—there was holes in the stairs some places that you could look through into one of the dressing rooms, and I never thought of that, Well, I might have thought of it, but I never did. But he was always snooping, and he had no right up there, but I let him come because he helped me. He was watching this quick-change artist. And finally, when she got down—she had just them old-fashioned drawers, and she whipped them right around his neck, see, and slapped

him, and he run right out on the stage. He stayed away after that.

There was one fellow there had a very solemn piece to speak. And we had a curtain, and at every shirring place there was a fifteen pound sack of sand, and if you kicked it off from the pin, it darned near went through the stage. Well, this fellow had been making the others miserable. So when he got on (he was a Southern colonel) and he had this serious place to get off, the comedian—Billy Miriam, I remember their names—'Billy and Eva—he gets ahold of this sack on the end and he pulls it way back. And finally, when the fellow starts to make his exit, and he'd been—you could see his adam's apple jump when he was trying to keep still. And he was partially looking back, see, as he stepped out. And just as he stepped out, he let this sack go. And it came out, and it hit him on his chin, and it just shot him across the stage. You know, it got the biggest laugh of the evening! Everyone thought it was done on purpose.

They didn't pay for their stuff that I picked up as property man. And this one fellow, he wanted a good cigar, and he wanted a good bottle of beer. So I got it for him. Then I couldn't get my money. So the next time he wanted a bottle of beer and a cigar, I got old Virginia cheroots—you got three for a nickel— and I handed it to him, just as he was going on, see. So he didn't get a chance to see it. And into an old beer bottle I put water and vinegar, and some soda, so it would fizz up you know. And I put the cap on, and the caps used to go down in. And I shook it just before I went in to set the thing up—to push everything to the center and re-arrange it where it belonged. That lets you get your scenery down and the other up. He sat down and he drank this—and he was supposed to drink all of it. He poured some and it foamed up all right. He didn't smell of it or anything.

He got it up, and he begin to look around, you know, and it finally came time for him to drink, and he took a big drink and he made the darndest face. I think he thought he was poisoned. And when he smoked the cigar, he let it go out because he didn't like it. He raised the dickens with me, and I said, "What do you expect when you don't pay for them?"

And the strong man—him and his wife—he was a big fellow and she was a little bit of a midget thing, but she was beautiful, really, in every way—her language and everything. Here, I had to wait and see that everything was all right and all the cigarettes were out before I could lock up. And they got to quarreling. I sat on the trunks there that they had their stuff in, and she hopped up on the trunk and slid over against me and put her arm around me, and I said, "Where's your husband?"

She said, "That's what I'm doing, I'm making him jealous."

And I said, "For God's sake, do you want me to get beat up?" He was the strong man—he took a horse shoe and twisted it. Gosh, there was a back stairs, and I was just thinking of getting out.

Oh, there was so many things happened there. They had a home talent show. And Dr. Park, it was his dad that owned most of it, and it was also the Masonic Hall as well as a theater. We had a big canvas that we rolled out, and put the chairs back in the ante rooms, and rolled this out and take the thing up for a dance—take the canvas up—it was laced to the wall. And this one time I got the canvas down, and all the chairs in, and I was pretty tired. It was a home talent show, and all the people I knew. And this one woman was rather a flirt. She was always making up with me and hanging around, and I wasn't married then. So I forgot the curtain—I had the curtain on the peg, and in an emergency you kick it off. Well, he come to the climax

of this one act, and he had this Mrs. Enking, as the leading lady. And old Enking, jealous as could be, set in the first row. I called him step-and-a-half because he had something wrong with his foot. And here she come to the climax and she fainted—and fell in his arms. And he was looking down in her face, and I never seen it. I heard someone say something about a curtain, but I was talking to this Miss Mathews. And I heard him again, finally he said, "Drop that curtain." I turned around and I kicked it off from the peg and, my God, it pretty near went through the floor. Then I got under the stage, there was quite a lot of room under there; I got under the stage while he was angry, running around. I could lick him all right, but I didn't want to get in a fight—he was the boss. I stayed there till it was so late that I had to be—and he had to help me get the scenery out, and change it, and it all laced, you know. You'd throw this rope up there and pull it through, and that made this part. We had to get the properties off and the other ones on. I come up then—I was ready.

I said, "Are you after me, Doc?"

And he said, "God Almighty, get that stuff off from here and get the other on."

I said, "Well, dig in." I didn't want to come up here when he was angry.

And he says, "Forget that stuff, just get this thing fixed."

He was a pretty good scout. Oh, we had lots of fun there.

One fellow had a very popular wife—with everybody but him. He lied to her to marry her. He was working at the ice plant, and every once in a while, he'd pop in. There was always two or three talking to her backstage. She wasn't bad or anything, but she just wanted to be popular. And he'd come and be so fidgety and nervous, that they'd all get away from her, and then he'd go back to work. I don't know how the machinery run when he was away

though. He sure come up quite often—he must have run all the way.

1911-1912: THE YEAR AWAY FROM VEGAS

When my friend Pete Mesher and I went on our trip in 1911, we stopped in Bakersfield, California. We stopped there and put the stock up in the feed yard, and I went to look around the town and see what it looked like. Pete was in talking with the bar tender, and I'd got out of there, I was alone, and I was carrying his pocketbook because he had a hole in his pocket. He'd had the money in his saddlebag, but he didn't want to put it in his pocket, so he give it to me. This fellow who was a poor character, that's what he was, he evidently seen me take the pocket book, because he begin to follow me and I noticed it, and I went fast around this corner. And as soon as I got around, I stopped. And he bounced around the corner to see which way I went, and I grabbed him by the coat collar. He was a professional, because he dodged out of that coat, and all I had was the coat. So I started chasing him and he went towards the Kern River Bridge, and I hollered, "Stop, thief!" And here a bunch begin to come and run along with me and holler, "Stop, thief!" And I let them run. I don't know what they would have done if they'd caught him, and if they caught him, they didn't know why they was chasing him. Boy, he was going, too.

There was several little things that happened in between— like coming to the toll bridge. They had lots of them, and if they had some local person, they'd let the pole up that they had put down over them—they had a pole there with a sandbag or a stone on the end of it. They'd lift it up and you would go through. But they would get the toll, or the tithe, or whatever you want to call it, before you go through. When they had it up that

way, why we'd make believe we didn't know, and we'd get through. But the heck of it is, all of them toll bridges have in control about three miles each side of the bridge—see, on purpose. Well, they'd run you down. This old fellow was plowing and he undone his horse from the plow and he jumped on the old plow horse, and away he come after us—hollering, and we never looked back. He finally caught up with us, and we hadn't traveled three miles, so we had to pay. It wasn't very much—I think it was ten cents a head.

The next real fuss we had was at Harrison Landing. We went up by where they put stock on the train—the cattle run, and made camp in the brush there, where we cut some of the things out of the way and got in out of sight and watered the mules and fed the horses. And here come three drunks—lumberjacks—and one of them was drunker than the rest, and meaner, and they got up above our camp and they shot down into it. They were shooting at a target or something, and they shot down into where our stock was. I went up and told them nice not to shoot down into the stock be cause we'd lost our mule—pack mule—up in Washington and we didn't want to lose any more. And they went on firing on our camp. I noticed every time they shot the horses jumped, and they were shooting too close to them. So I filled my pocket with shells and put a shell in the cylinder that's on the hammer. You never ride with then that way because you can get shot. And I went up to talk with them. When I got almost to them, there was a big piece of conglomerate that I had to go around, and there was an old Indian trail around the pieces where it fell off. Just as I went around and got on the front side of it, towards them, why, the drunken one—the one that was worst, he shot to scare me—right above my head. The bullet ricocheted and I just emptied my gun at him—I let her go. I

tried to hit him, but I was so mad and angry—and he started up a shale bank. These other two were down there, they'd thrown their guns down; they were target shooting, and they were waving their hands and hollering, "Don't shoot!" So I just dropped to my knee—and you had to poke them shells out, one at a time—I poked them out and reloaded it. He was going up this bank and I just tried to hit him, and I hit so close that it made him hurry up to get up. I just kept shooting at him. And he kept hurrying over there—it was really a steep cliff, too, shale. He got over finally, and made for town.

Then I got to thinking—I hoped I didn't hit him. God darn it, I didn't want to kill a man. He hadn't done anything—only shoot down there and endanger our stock. So I offered to pay the two that seemed to be pretty nice fellows, and they said they didn't blame me at all. They tried to stop him and he kept right on. So I told them I'd pay them if they'd go down and see if he was hit. I saddled up and put some blankets and stuff to eat back of the saddle and got down a ways, and I told Pete, my part ner, I said, "If everything's all right, play 'Home Sweet Home' on your mouth organ." I was down there waiting to get the notice whether I'd hit him or not. And they come back, and Pete played "Home Sweet Home," so I rode into camp, and I asked about him. They told me he was in bed still shaking all over, and that his fingers was raw on the end from clawing up the cliff. They said that they thought that I had done a good job of breaking him of some of his damn meanness.

We finally got into Yellowstone. We made up with the government trappers and the government men, and we got the feed for our horses for nothing, and we got grub for nothing at the Wiley camps. After you got acquainted with one chef, or "cook" they

called them—he'd tell who to look for at the next place. So consequently, we got our flour, sugar, and butter, and bacon and eggs for nothing. Oh, we'd tip them a little something. They knew we didn't have much and they were all good scouts. They'd all been us against it. Yeah, we got along fine there until I was taking pictures with a government trapper that had been going through the park with us. George Brown was his name. We stayed together all the time we were in there. He'd come up there to drive the tallyho stage for Yellowstone Monida Company, and he got to having so much fun with us that he wouldn't show up, and the boss would come around looking for him and he'd go and hide. And the last day, he waited until the boss come over that had charge of all of the Yellowstone Monida stages. An auto mobile couldn't go in there then, you know, just horse-drawn— everything. The boss met him and he said, "For God's sake, George, why didn't you show up? I needed you so bad."

He said, "Well, I met these partners here that I've been running around with, and, by golly, I enjoyed it so much that I didn't want to tie up to a job." (Their honeymoon was spent tallying cattle. She worked right along with him, and she'd rope, and tie, and brand. They had a little boy that's now about sixty-eight years old, if he's alive.)

We parted then. Pete went his way. George and I was out taking pictures of bears and when I come into camp, why, Pete had the tent down, and he had one pile over there was his, and one pile over here was mine, and didn't ask me anything about it. I had more of it than he did, because I had the money after his money give out, but I told him, "Well, Pete, I hope you got what you want because I didn't have any chance to divide with you. If you say this is my pile, fine. Goodbye and good luck. I'll see you some day."

And I did. I followed his trail, and I found where he went in and he didn't come back. I asked a kid that come up the road and wanted a chew of tobacco from me, and he said, "Yes, he went in there day before yesterday," and he hadn't come out. And he told me what the man's name was, which I have forgotten. When I got to Pete we re-hashed the thing, and he said I was right in all of it. He'd stopped at these certain places and went to work there.

In 1911, when Pete and I went through San Joaquin Valley, I got malaria. The only medicine I had—I'd take a spoonful of salt and a glass of water and drink it as a physic and get rid of the accumulated waste and poison. It got so I was shaking—well, you get so you think the whole earth is shaking. It isn't—it's you. And I got so that I couldn't eat, and I went to taking any medicine I could find. I found some Groves tonic, and I took that, which, most of it was the stuff that they now put in our food to make it weigh more and cost more, and no nourishment. It was a vegetable gum that they had the quinine suspended in. The quinine was what did you good—the other didn't do you any good at all, but it left you with a lot of waste and poison. You get so much bile, you know, that you throw it up, and it almost cracks your teeth it's so strong. Water brack they call it—or did—and I'd get that, and take soda to try to get rid of the worst of it. But I kept getting worse, and worse, and worse.

Finally, when I got to Lakeview, Oregon (there was no rail road in there then, it was just by itself) I'd rode up to the doctor's house, and I fell off from the horse, and I crawled on my hands and knees. I couldn't get up, I was so weak, and I got up to the newell post on the porch steps, and I pulled myself up. The Doc was talking with someone, and he looked at me as if he was scared. And I said, "Doc, can you give me any medicine?"

He said, "Mister, you've got to go in and go to bed."

I said, "I can't, I'm going some place." (I wasn't going anywhere—only where the horse went.) I said, "I can't; I'm going some place."

And he said, "Well, you'll either go in and go to bed or you'll die."

I said, "You can't give me anything to take with me?"

The said, "Nope."

I said, "Goodbye, Doc. I guess I'll die."

I got to my feet then, going up the post. I went back and got on the horse, and we went about a mile and a half, or two miles, and I fell off again, so we made camp. And Pete was—well, he'd lived by himself so long in the wilderness that he was very thoughtless. He never was sick himself, and he wasn't very sympathetic, and he went and built his fire and fried bacon—and my stomach, in the shape it was, couldn't eat anything. And he built it on the windward side. I kept trying to get him to move it because it made me sick. But he wouldn't. So it went on—and I got on the horse again—he helped me—we camped there that night. We went on through Oregon and up into Washington. And we crossed the Columbia River at the Dalles on a big ferry. I got some berries—wild berries—I ate a lot of them, and they kind of straightened my stomach out. We went on, and I'd ride as long as I could, and I'd fall off. We went up the Columbia River, and then we landed, finally, in Ellensburg. We found that there was good trapping at Lake Cochise. So we went over there and trapped that winter. Well, gee, we moved a couple of times, but we was right along in that country. I finally got hold of some Chinese medicine that helped me, and they also told me things I couldn't eat. Anything under the ground, any vegetable—you couldn't eat—I didn't know that before. So I got so I was feeling pretty good, and we

finally got to Crab Creek. We stayed there all winter. It's where the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad crosses the Columbia River. The Chinese medicine and the other junk I took got me in pretty good shape. In winter you don't get poisoned with stuff like in the summer when it's hot.

I worked on boats there—I told them I was a boatman. I wasn't, but I wouldn't tell them that. I went to work to repair the boats, put in some ribs, and put a buffer rail on it, and they told me it couldn't be done without going up to where they had a steam jet for that kind of stuff. But I used a lot of five-gallon gasoline cans and got water hot and put gunny sacks on the beam that I was working with, and kept the man putting hot water on the gunny sacks until it got steamed up so we could bed it. And it got done all right.

After all this, we decided to come back. We thought we would get a range and we could raise cattle. He had lots of experience with cattle—and he'd furnish the brains and I'd furnish the money. But we didn't find them. Where we thought there'd be free range they were using the top of the darned mountains to grow stuff. And they—some of them were so steep that they didn't even have roads up. They shot their stuff down in chutes—their hay. And when they needed money, they run a cow into town and sell it. There were two college graduates up there, it was up in the mountains from Whitebird, and that was in Idaho. They were both college educated, and they had a nice home. They had two children dressed just as if they was in town. They both were teachers, and he come for his health. And he got to feeling so good, and she felt so good, and the kids were so healthy that they stayed right there. He said, "I don't want anything else."

I looked all over for a road, because of all this stuff, you know, the building and

everything—and he had mowing machines he had a little hay patch. And I said, "How the dickens did you get them up here? Where's the road?"

He said, "dome on," and he took me around back of the shed, and he had an overhanging root, and he had all these pack saddles, and kayaks, and panniers hung up there.

The children had class hours just like they was in town, good education.

And I asked him, I said, "What do you do for money?"

And he said, "If I need money," he said, "I run a cow or two in town and sell them." I'd like to live like that. Anyway, we came back to Las Vegas, then, in 1912. I came back—oh, there was a lot before I got back here—I went broke in Salt Lake and I had to wire my brother, and—I sold my gun for about ten dollars—it was worth about forty dollars. Never did get it. But, yes, I come back, and the fellow I sold out to was quite a card player, he thought. And I figured if I ever wanted to come back, he'd be broke. So it come out that way, I just bought it back. He was glad to get the money. It's a funny thing, that lush green country is wonderful, but once you live on the desert, you won't go back to that lush, green country—only to see it. We rode through places where the ferns were up chest high on you on a horse. And you'd be wringing wet in the morning dew. And if we got a real springy limb, we'd pull it back and wait for the fellow following—you were breaking trail, and you'd let it go and hit him and knock his hat off. There was once in there that we traveled all day long and we slept right where we started from. He never had been in a forest. I knew a great deal about the forest because I used to wander around in them—I loved to be in the forest. We were following a blaze, you know. And I said, "Now, you keep on this very blaze,

because if you don't, we'll be back where we started." It was an old blaze, and we were following it. The fellow down at the lake where we left our stock told us about the fellow that was appraising— they call him a cruiser, So I knew what we were on. So we took turns, and when it come my turn, I said, "My God, this isn't the blaze we were following."

"Well," he said, "No, it's newer."

I said, "You're on that cruiser's trail and you'll come right back." So we had to find the place where we could stop, you know. Where the forest was so thick, it's dark; even at noon it's like twilight. I looked around and I said, "I'll bet you that milk can that I threw away is over back of that bush."

"Oh, no," he says, we traveled at least six miles." I went over and here was the can!

That was more than fifty years ago.

"FIRST" IN LAS VEGAS

I'm going to tell all the "firsts" in Las Vegas things. The first service station—some of the different grocery stores had pumps—but the first real service station was opened by Steve Aguirre, a Mexican. He took an old corrugated iron building and moved it from South First Street up to Third and Fremont, on the southeast corner. And he sold it to Mr. Henry, and it was there for a good many years.

Then the first taxi, or any kind of transportation out side of horseback and buggy, was started by C. C. Howard. They called him "Muley" Howard, because he had two mules, and he did— oh, any kind of work that mules could do. He sold the mules to get the Ford. And he put two buggy seats face to face in the back—no springs, nothing but curled hair—and a short ride was what you wanted!

There was papers here, several of them, that were printed by hand, I think, before I got

here. When I got here, The Age was the first paper, and it was brought from Greenwater by freight team. This man that brought it over here had taken it to Green water, and then Greenwater blew up like all mining towns before he got to make any money. So by the time he got here and paid for his freighting bill, he was in bad shape. So he had to sell it sooner or later—to T. G. Nicklin. Someone up north got together with a bunch that bought it and put Charlie Squires in to control it and use it. I think he eventually bought it.

The first bank was the old First State Bank, and it was started by Mr. John Park. He first started it in a grocery store, and he told me he slept on one of the shelves. He'd come up from Kentucky, and I guess his money was short. I think Senator W. A. Clark had an interest in it, and I think that Ed Clark, our local chief politician—I'm sure he had money in it— I know he did along at the last. Some of them told me that it was \$20,000 that they were capitalized at, but I would swear that it was \$10,000. It used to be on the window, you know. But if they want it twenty, I don't care.

Our first garbage collector was Mr. Colson—I can't remember his first name. They used to call him "Honey Dipper" and a lot of other things.

I think I had the first electric shop. You know, I started it when I was still with the power and telephone company, which were both together—the old Consolidated Power and Telephone. I did all of their construction and trouble work. Helped out run the plant once in a while.

Sam Gay was the first lawman that I knew. There was one before him, but I believe he was shot before I got here. Old Sam dealt out the law as he expected it should be, and that was that. He'd round them up and take them out to the edge of town and start them in a certain direction and then kick them good and hard

with his big foot to get them started, and it saved the county a lot of money, he said.

Our first air mail brought in here. It was the only thing the plane did bring in because the government paid them a subsidy—they subsidized the mail carrying. They landed at our field, Rockwell's field, south off town, and the first pilot in, I think, was Maury Graham, I'm not sure. There was the two Kelly boys and Maury Graham, a man with an Italian name, and I can't remember the man that come up here to start by getting the landing places. He was an army man; I think he was Major Mosley or something like that. And we didn't get anything. We was supposed to get two dollars a year, and we threw in about two and a half miles of power line that we give them. We didn't want the responsibility. And we never did get any money. But they kept right on flying. They offered, if we told them in time so they could give us a 'chute, which would have been useless to me be cause I wouldn't have jumped over, that we could ride either to Salt Lake or Los Angeles, any time we wanted. But we never took it up.

THE LAS VEGAS VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

When I come here, the fire company had an old ranch wagon, a buckboard, and no seat or anything, just a body. And the hose was rolled up in a coil. It was parked up near the center of town, which was very small then, Fremont and First, Second, and Third Streets, where they intersected, had the buildings. And we had an old triangle, about a six foot triangle, hung in front of Clayson and Griffith's hardware store—where the Mint is now. Everybody that had a gun, the bartenders and the gamblers, when there was a fire, they run out and shot in the air. Later

we put that triangle up. And there was a big bolt there on a string, and you took that and pounded the triangle. We went there with the cart, if we had it, to find out where the fire was. You could most always see the smoke though, because the town was small, and very few trees or shrubbery.

We had old clay pipes—we didn't have nozzles—we had clay pipes, which were about twenty-eight to thirty-six inches long. Just a pipe with a reduced nozzle hole. We didn't have much pressure, so you had to sometimes flirt the thing back and forth to get the water out and on the fire. We had a few old leather helmets, firemen's helmets, that shrunk up every time they got wet. And I had to put them in a washtub of water and use a hat stretcher to get them so we could wear them at the next fire. They were a help—they were good for the time.

Our hose we had to just roll out and hook it up the best we could. Consequently, we didn't put out many fires—tents and stuff. But to save other property, we finally had the blacksmith, who was Joe Laravey, one of the first blacksmiths—I think he was the first—make big hoods and put them on the end of some red wood poles. We'd hook that into the corner of a tent and pull it away from the other tent—pull it out in the road where we could put it out and save the other tent. There was lots of fires like that because they had gasoline stoves, and they'd get lit, or they'd leave the fire going, or some darned thing. Of course, they wasn't out much when the tent burned.

Finally we got one hose cart. St El. Hawkins, who was com missioner in this end of the county—that's when it was in Lincoln County—he got us a hose cart and 500 toot of hose, I think it was. And then we were fixed. Later he got another one so that we'd have two. The town had got bigger, and we needed two,

so if one got wrecked or didn't get there, why, the other one did.

That started our celebrations that we had on every Labor Day, from 1912 on until it was taken over by the city as a paid department. We had celebrations and we had straight-away horse races, and water fights. In the water fights, we had two equal distance hydrants, and one cart would go to one and one to the other. And you'd run out enough hose and it could come together. And so, they got to hitting each other with the nozzle, and we had to tie ropes on them so they couldn't get together. One man would get his back to the other side and take the force of the water, which wasn't much. But he had to protect the two men that were on the nozzle. The one that drove the other over the line that was made in a circle won the prize. There was a cup that was awarded, and then you had to protect the thing the next fight. It's still in town. The fire chief has it. They found it in an attic here. They promised to give it to me, but I never got it. I'd like to get it and put it in the museum.

Finally they got us a little Ford pumper. Wait—before that, National City had a truck with no pumper or anything on it, but just a hose rack, and Judge Lillis, who at that time was chief, went down to National City and bid it in and brought it back. And then we finally got where we had enough money that they got us a Ford with a hose rack and a pump. That was the siren-equipped thing that we had—we had a bell on the other things. The International that we had, that come from California, down there, National City; it had a sixty-gallon soda and acid extinguisher on it, and 125 foot of hose. The Ford didn't have anything like that. We later got a LaFrance, which was a mistake; it was good when it would work, but it didn't always work. (I knew old Isaiah LaFrance himself—he had one arm off—in Elmira. But no one wants to know about that.)

We finally got it up to where the place got big enough, and I retired from it. It got so there was so much dissension and trouble that it wasn't worth fussing with. So I retired from it and Chief Harold Case took over. They got to fussing. Like a bunch that goes along fine for years, and everything's fine, then someone gets in that's jealous, and they begins to talk, you know, gossip—which part of it is lies or prevarications, and that causes trouble. If it's brought out at a meeting and everyone knows it, you never have any trouble, but there's some people that don't have backbone enough to bring it before the company, you know. And they go around your back and it finally gets so you're miserable. Well, I made no money from it—it cost me money. I put on feeds for \$7.50 or \$8.00 that cost them \$20.00 to \$30.90 later. I put a lot of my own stuff in it, and did the cooking, and I had some of the best times of my life there. But when it got so it wasn't pleasant, I just didn't want it. I had too many things of my own to do.

Now they have some pretty well equipped fire departments, county and city, and they do a lot of good work. We had a resuscitator, too, the old company, after we had a fire at the PFE plant, and Jimmy Adams, one of the firemen, was overcome with smoke and there was no resuscitator or anything in town. I and my brother and some of the others agitated to get one. The city didn't have the money. So we put the money in and bought it, and it saved several lives while I was there. And then we were eventually paid back in dribbles from the city.

Oh, we built a clubhouse, too, a nice one, with a room we could use for a dining room, and we had a nice kitchen, and everything to make it nice—all the dishes and a refrigerator. We got up to where the city paid us into a pot like, so much money—to help the ones that were hurt or sick. And it got to be a nice thing.

But that's when it begin to get mean. It was fine when they got along nice, because a volunteer fireman is an exception—he's a man who gives for nothing—don't expect any thing.

This publicity—they want me to have my picture taken over there—I don't care for it at all because I've never asked for publicity. Lots of it I could have had, I didn't take. I always remember the old fellow Baruch—he told his son when he was getting out in the world, "Son, there's people that do things, and the people that take the publicity from it that don't do anything." He said, "Be a doer in your life." I believe you should do things and not expect publicity. Al Cahlan or Johnny even wanted me to make a thing when I gave them my mother's obituary. They said, "We'll tell about your experience with the fire company and things." And I said, "It's nothing but an obituary. It's my mother."

SKETCHES OF PIONEER LAS VEGANS

Well, one of the characters was—he was here part of the time, but he was also over in Barnsdale, in Arizona—Chris Armstead. He was county commissioner for San Bernardino County in California. He's the one that got the jail that Jim Cashman sold—that was an old relic, and it should have been saved here. It was built by a Mormon blacksmith in the Mormon compound—in San Bernardino when they first settled. And it was all handmade, that cell—one big cell—they had only one. They used to tie them to trees, or bolt them to a tree, or lock them. Over in Barnsdale, where this was taken, they had a rock over there that they put an eye-bolt in. And they used to put a bad drunk—they put the handcuffs on him and fasten him to that. And that old jail had whitewash an inch thick. Some of it fell off and it said, "We spent three days of hell in here July 1st to the 3rd," and their names

were under it. And that had been moved from three different places at different times. We got it over here, and Jim Cashman was in charge. We located about twelve complete wagons, over there—old time rubber-tired buggies and buckboards, you know, the old ranch buckboards, and some heavy, home-made, like a platform wagon. We got them over here, and we was supposed to get one apiece. My brother and I, we located them. The old man that had accumulated them from all the different places there—when the camp went dead, he went and got the stuff—his name was Jack Miller. And he had, oh, he must have had pretty close to an acre under a roof made of old packing. Anyway, this old Chris Armstead come into the country in 1886. He's been dead quite a few years now.

One of our first justices of the peace, here, was old Judge Ralph. He was a blacksmith, and he used to hold court. They had a deputy sheriff that was all here, because it was all in Lincoln [County]. And he'd come in and he'd say, "How much did he have in his pocket?" And whatever it was, he'd fine him that amount, and they divided it up.

And then the first blacksmith, I believe, was Joe Laravey.

Well, Wong Kee's was one of the first restaurants here. They called him "Fat, the Chinaman." He was a wonderful man. He took care of every railroad man that went broke and, you know, lost his health or anything. He buried three that I know of, and he kept them, and bought them medicine and everything. He was a real philanthropist. He didn't have an awful lot of money, but he never thought of the money part. And the poor old fellow, he finally got down and out, and he got poisoned from his teeth—he didn't know enough to have them changed. He'd run his tongue like that, and they'd all—as if they were dangling. Finally, there was an old butcher who took

care of Wong. And I used to take him chicken broth. I'd have my wife fix up some and I'd take it down to him. He was always awful good to me.

Another was Ching Lee Laundry, which was a hand laundry, be cause it was a rub board, and he squirted the clothes with his mouth—FFFFF—like that. You can't do that any more.

Another one that was a character was Patsy, the tailor. He always said, "You got your old man's strides ready?" He called pants "strides." Him and Ching Lee used to smoke opium together. And he made Lee smoke it, and he didn't, and he got Ching—you know, where they come where they sleep, and he broke his trunk open. He'd seen him put money in there, and he took all that Chinaman had saved for years. I had a cabin right next to him, and this Chinaman—when they lose their slippers, they're going fast—they old scuffers, you remember, they used to scuff. And Old Ching, he went by me so fast that his slipper fell off. He never stopped for it—running over to Wong Kee to tell him, you know. And I thought, by God, that somebody had tried to kill him, or something, the noise he made. But the poor fellow—Fat told me that he got all of his money, every bit of it, and they never caught him. Well, they didn't try.

Nicklin brought The Age here from Greenwater. He moved into Greenwater by freighter, and Greenwater went broke like all these camps did, and he brought it over here—he was at the end of his line. It was an old, antiquated piece of machinery if you ever seen one. And he put out a weekly paper. And finally, the politicians from the north wanted representation down here, and it was so hard to get down because they had to go on two rail roads and a bus—stage—and they bought it for Squires. Squires was a nice family. Florence is alive yet.

And Bob Teeter was the only house painter in town, except Aplin—Charlie Aplin. I think Aplin was first, and Colson had the first dray here. He also dumped the toilets. They used to call him the "honey gatherer." He's gone, I don't know—it don't matter what you say now. He had a celluloid collar and it was green—it was so old—from dirt. And he'd go and move these things, and then he'd come back and dance. He was crazy about dancing, and some of these women didn't like to dance with him. I don't know whether he didn't wash his hands or what. He was a great character.

Old Bob Lockridge, he run the engine from Jean to Goodsprings, on that little road. And there was old Mr. Mason, who had the first car that come in here. It was a two-cylinder Buick. There was two of them—him and Jack Lefergy, both had two-cylinder Buicks. You cranked them on the side.

And there's old Delemeter. He was one of the first ones in Calico, down there, and he come up here, and he died here. He was a cement man.

And old Lester Towner and his son, Heck Towner, used to live up at Indian Springs and maintained the stage station up there. Mrs. Helen Stewart—maybe I shouldn't mix this, I don't know, but I wanted to talk about Towner. Her Indians got grumpy and finding fault and acting mean. And she got scared, see—she was alone. Her husband was a metallurgist over at the El Dorado, but he was shot and killed over here. Well, anyway, her Indians got so bad that she was worried. So she threw a lot of stuff that was fixed up to eat into the back of what they called a "stage wagon" here, or a "mail wagon," one of the two. (The mail was all carried under contract in them days.) And she went up to stay with Towner until they could find out if the Indians were going to raise up and raise the devil. And on the way, they stopped to eat. They had a big kettle of

beans, and they were sour—stringy when they took them up—and so the oldest child, which was Bill, I think, was going to throw them out. And she said, “No, put them in the middle of the road,” and she said, “It’ll give us time, because the Indians will all stop to eat.” (They never did get enough to eat.) So she put them there and—as she tells it—they all got stomach aches and they all run around there and never come any farther. They evidently thought that she was getting even with them for being mean. I believe Heck Towner, or the old man, one of them rode back with her. And when they got in here to the Big Springs, they could hear the old bell that was at the side of the old ranch house ringing. And they got there, and the old man that had been kind of the straw boss, the old Indian, he had just took ahold of them, and they started working, and they had every thing up in The shape.

Another person that was known pretty well was Martin Hamilton, the bartender at the Arizona Club. He and his brother later built a tourist camp at Kingman. I suppose they’re all dead now. You know, he looked just exactly like Father in “Bringing Up Father.” He was Irish, and he had the same eyes, and he wore his hat the same, and he looked just exactly like him. And he was a fine fellow. He lost his job on account of—well, we used to call them “yeggs”—a good for nothing. A hobo is an itinerant worker. He wants to work all right until he gets enough for a grubstake, but the yegg, he wants to steal, or roll someone, a drunk, and he’s a different person altogether. We had about forty of them here at one time.

Then one of the first dealers, roulette dealer, was Lou Booth; and Ma Booth, his wife, built and owned that string of houses—they’re there, most of them, on Ogden between Fourth and Fifth, on the north side, Ma Booth’s houses. She’s quite a character. I

told you he was a roulette dealer. He called all the wins in Spanish and English both. He could talk Spanish just like a native

And another one was a dealer in the Turf Club, Jess Spears. The old Turf Club. And George Wall was another old gambler in the Favorite Club. He was a dealer. They were gamblers, not like these suckers they got now. These are grabbers, they’re not gamblers, they never take a chance. They’ve got you skinned the minute you go in the door. All of them machines. We’ve got a Gaming Control Board to protect both sides, and the protection that the citizen gets isn’t much. I think they’ve got those machines set, some of them, and they’re not supposed to put them bumpers on so that they come for a pay and bump off. It was in the Law—they probably have taken it off because they’ve got a lot of money to spend.

They were really honest gamblers, in the old days. They wanted their honest percentage, and that’s all. A dollar machine paid \$150; a fifty-cent machine paid \$75. They finally made that—well, some of them may have raised them to a hundred. A quarter machine paid \$35, a dime machine paid—nothing less—a dime machine paid \$15 or \$20—I forget, I think it was \$20 straight. And the nickel machine paid no less than \$5 and \$8 for a jackpot. Now they’ve got some that pays a dollar.

What did the people in the community think of these gamblers? Well, they didn’t stay down there in Block Sixteen. Oh, no, they was all over. This Jess Spears, he married into an old Irish family here—Kernin—he married a Kernin girl. They were all well-dressed, but there were some peculiar ones.

Now, the Banana Kid, he looked like a banana—he wasn’t only that big around, and he was tall, and he had funny eyes, and a big nose. That’s where he got the “Banana,” I guess; and he was a hophead. The last time I seen the Banana Kid, he was walking across—

where it' built up now—no, it's the parking place. They tore down some places to put it. But there was a path right across in back of the Las Vegas, now they call it the Sal Sagev. And he was going, and he was jumping—picking butterflies, I guess. He'd jump and grab that way, and he'd look all over, and he'd jump and grab. He didn't have anything. I got over there, and he wasn't picking anything I could see. Then he died shortly after that.

When we was in Bakersfield on that trip, I went in this bar to get a drink of beer. We were going around and seeing the town. We had left our guns and horses in the livery stable, and I—here he went from one door in the back of the bar, back in the barroom, he went through one door and he looked all over and went out the other—just like that, and I said, "Hello, Banana," and he didn't wait at all, and I knew him pretty well. And I said to the bar tender, "Gee, wasn't that the Banana Kid?"

He says, "Yes, do you know him?"

I said, "Yes, he's in Vegas a great deal of the time."

And he said, "They're after him on a murder rap."

So, I don't know—I guess they just suspicioned him, because he was back here.

And here's a character—Bill Fastbinder, he didn't have a hair on his head. He was a prospector and he worked for the railroad. But when he'd get ready to prospect, he'd catch up some of these burros, and they're rather wild, you know. They didn't have a stock law then, they just run loose here. And he'd get them over in this lot, across from the old power house, and I'd be working there, and he'd get angry at the burro and he'd rassel them—he was a big fellow. And when he'd rassel them, he'd get excited and his head would be just as red as blood. Finally he'd get the burro down, and he'd say, God damn you and he was punching it in the nose and on the neck,

and the burro— when they get down that way, they make an awful noise, so does a mule, it sounds almost human. And all of a sudden, it would kick him in the stomach—he had a big stomach, too—kick him in the stomach, and he'd give up and let them go. They'd go out—there was him and another fellow, I forget what his name was, that used to go out together.

Bob Sproul was another old-time prospector. And old man Matson, he was another prospector. Bill Morgan was—he was a bad man. He'd shot a deputy sheriff in Arizona, and he come up here. And when the sheriff died, and it got kind of over, he went back, and he stole another horse. He stole another horse, a high-priced horse he got away with. He did it because he had to get out. Finally they sent him word that if he come back and brought the horse back, that they'd forget everything. He went back, out then he come here to live for good. He run cattle through here, because there was all kinds of little springs, you know, until they put the artesian wells down.

Were Lorenzi is, I had a string of traps—this is all mesquite, solid. I went there one morning and Lorenzi had a little building for tools, built right over where I wanted to make a setting for a trap. I wanted to find [out] if he was going to be here long.

He said, "Yes, I just come down from Moscow, Idaho, and I'm going to put in a great, big lake here, a swimming pool, and another lake below it, where it comes down the hill. And right in the middle I'm going to put an old Dutch windmill, and it'll run, not by the wind, but by an undershot water wheel. And," he said, "I'm going to generate electricity from the water wheel."

And I told him, I said, "How will you get enough flow of water to push a wheel to carry any size generator, and how will you take care

of it below, if you get that amount of water? The lake will fill up and run over.” I says, “You will have to have quite a volume.” He never got that done, but the others, he done every big he said he was going to do. I quit setting traps there.

Another character, here, I didn’t know all about him until the very last, just before he died. Jack Corral—spelled like corral for horses. He was with the stage company, he was a black smith, in Arizona when that bunch of Indians broke loose and killed the whole stage full of people. And there’s the monument there. I went over the road and stopped and took pictures of the monument, of the people that were killed and the stage driver. They were coming right towards Peach Springs. Yes, they were coming—and, that’s where he was settled. He had a dandy team of bay mares and a new wagon, and the other guy that was with him at this station, he’d just got a new repeating rifle, which were quite out of the ordinary then. And he had a thousand rounds of ammunition. And they could see the Indians coming—the cloud of dust, you know.

He said, “Well, I’m going to get out. I’ve got a good team.”

The other fellow says, “I’ve got a thousand rounds of ammunition, and a good rifle, and there ain’t no Indian going to chase me out.” He stayed there and they massacred him, and Jack got out and come over here. He was telling me about it. He told me a lot of things, but I’d forgotten them before I got it set down. He had quite some experiences.

Pete Buol was the first mayor here. He also started the mine down there this side of Jean, where they get all of that— oh, what in the heck is it?—it’s white earth. Pete Buol was the first one that put sewers through, the first ones. He was quite a politician, but he lost all he had in that mine. They got some kind of a

case against him that made him from a rich man to a poor man. I don’t remember just what it was now, but he was a man that you didn’t think was too darned smart, but he was shrewd. He went over to Scotland, and he got this Scotch Acres, you know, out here. He got one of the noblemen of Scotland—it was Miss Mary and Lord _____. Well, anyway, he got them interested, and they were going to colonize, and they took up that Scotch Acres. They had bushels of almonds, and they put them down in the freezer at the ice plant to break them so that they would germinate, or grow. And they were going to put them in, and then graft—they have a tap root and a peach don’t. Peaches done so well here, and oh, golly, they were good flavored. In fact, the dining cars used to take the peaches from old McGriff out there, where they have that health place [Paradise Spa]. And that was what they were going to start.

J. J. Tuckfield was one of the early businessmen here. He had the first place where you could make soft drinks. He made just the ones that he had recipes of his own, not Pepsi Cola, or anything like that. Later they was taken over by other people.

And the first secondhand store was Bill Aplin’s, and his son is here yet.

Ernie and Big Dot, they were two characters on the Strip. I never heard his name, only Ernie, and Big Dot was his woman down there. He stayed with her as long as he lived. That’s some thing that very seldom happens. He didn’t have to gamble; she made the money for them. She was a prostitute—dance hall girl, they called her, but she couldn’t dance very much. You couldn’t get very close to her, she was big.

And here’s another character—George Washington Tracy. He was a Mormon scout, so he said. He told me where he hid his gun and powder horn. I later went there and found

the powder horn and it's in the museum there in Salt Lake. He was such a liar that you never knew when he was telling the truth. He got me all ready. I went and bought a 98 model Winchester, the same thing that Buffalo Bill used. I had that and a .41 six-shooter Colt. He got me all ready to go down in the dry wash in the Apache country—and they killed white people when they come down there at that time—and he tried to scare me out, and I said, “No.”

He said, “Why, they get nuggets from the dry wash here as big as your thumb.”

I said, “If they's nuggets that big, by golly, I'll buy a couple of good guns,” and I did—and I had a lot of ammunition, too. Then the sucker, he knew he was lying, and he didn't think that I would take it up. He tried to scare me, see. So he skipped out the day before we was going. Here I made the pack boxes, and I had pack saddles I had gotten fixed up—repaired them, and—never got there. I suppose them nuggets are still down there.

But he did tell me the truth about that cave. Because he made me a little map and I memorized it, and I went up there, and I found it—the powder horn, and it was Mormon issue—it was a bunch of quails and rabbits, you know, embossed on the side. He told me where he'd put a gun when the Indians were chasing him when he got across the Colorado River—the old line—the old mail route, when it was out on contract, on the other side of the river. See, there was mining places along there, and he got over there, and he hid his gun and his powder horn in a cave. He was such a liar that I wasn't sure that he was telling me the truth, but I went out there when I was camped out there on the river, and I found this powder horn. I didn't find his gun. I was going back, but when I got down to camp the damn mules had run away and left us afoot with the stage wagon, and my mother

and two kids, and my younger brother. So I had to walk in and get a team to bring wagon back. I found these mules down in what we called “the meadows,” which is all washed out now. I got the mules and I said I was going to ride one of them back to town, and break him. So I got on him and I made him run all the way. I let him rest a little, then started him up, and we got back, and brought the wagon back to old Jim Ladd, Captain Ladd. And they, my mother and the kids that were out there, were as hungry as could be. They hadn't had much to eat. This cock-eyed boy, Shorty Matteucci, was quite a character later. He knocked over the sugar bowl and got it mixed with the sand, and he knocked over the condensed milk. He didn't look where he was looking at—he had bad eyes.

Another character, Mother Davis, run the Black Star Saloon, and she had two daughters that didn't know where she was, and she was putting them through some kind of a finishing school. Her money she sent through a—she told me—I used to go down and visit with them when I was working, you know. I took care of all the electrical work down there. And you'd be surprised—they have little rules of their own. And you know, if any one of them told me anything that meant anything, I'd know it was the truth. And that's more than I can say for some church women. Not that I have anything against churches, but....

This Slim Thair, he got jealous of this girl. (She's alive today.) She sat on the old-fashioned toilet, and he went out and took a bolt. (You find them over in the railroad yards, or over in the jungle—anyplace where the bums stay.) It was about a foot long, and had a nut on the end of it. He went out there, and he pulled the door open, and he hit her on the head, right on top of the head and just the size and shape of that nut popped out her skull. Well, she was supposed to die. They

didn't have good doctors here then, only one. And she got well, but old Slim— I set on the jury that convicted him. He was going to come back and kill all the jurymen, so they was all watching for him. I never paid any attention because I know when they threaten you, only once out of ten will they bother you. So I went right on— forgot all about it, and finally one of the jurors said, "You know Slim Thair's out?"

I said, "No, I haven't seen him." And I had a paper here with my name as one of the jurors. And you know the way they got him back? He was in California. Joe Keith was marshal, and he went down there where Slim was, about three miles over the [state] line, at the place he was staying. So he got to telling him stories, and walking and talking. They walked, and the minute he got over the line, he grabbed him and said, "You're arrested." Didn't have to go and get any papers at all. Our lawmen were law men them days. Yes, Joe Keith was the sheriff at the time, and he was the one that done it. Her name was Bess Smith—Bessie Smith—of the Star Saloon.

And Tumble Tom, another character, kicked Shorty Kripts to death—jumped on him with his heels and everything else. Shorty was working for me, and he come out and I didn't know him. His face was swelled up— just double, and just purple, and he died that afternoon. See, Tumble Tom was what they called a swamper. They cleaned the floors and spittoons and things in these saloons. And he wanted to go away for a day or two, and he left Shorty to take his place. Shorty got drunk and never took his place, and when Tom came back, he was still drunk, in this big tent where they used to all hang out, in back of the Arizona Club. And he laid there on the floor asleep, and he just jumped on him with his heels, on his head. They never did anything to him. A young boy went down and licked him. Somebody had to do something.

Another great kid here in 1908 was Grasshopper—Gerald Shanafelt. He was carrying the mail from the station to the post office. His name was Gerald Shanafelt. They called him "Grasshopper." He was a big, tall, slim fellow. He'd spent all of his money, and he come to me. He wanted to know what to do. I slept in the old telephone office then. So there was a bed. I could take care of the night stuff by letting this bed down. And there was another bed in the back room. So, I said, "Well, you can sleep there by the board, but you take care of the calls."

Well, I tried to wake him up in the morning because the girl was coming, and he couldn't be woke up. So I just buckled the bed up against the wall, and he still slept. And when the girls got in there—Grace Ferris, and her friend—I knocked the— there was a big hook, like—I knocked the hook loose, and down come the bed, and here was Grasshopper with nothing on but his shorts. By God, he jumped up and the girls both howled, his hair was sticking up, I'll swear it was; his eyes was sticking out, and he grabs his pants and away he goes—out in the alley, there was a place out there. And then he comes back to the window and he taps and wants me to bring his clothes, and I wouldn't take them. Anyone was liable to come in that alley—they had a door, or gate, out on the alley. This alley was in back of the buildings there, where the Mint is now. He didn't know what to do. He was out there and trying to motion to me, and he was afraid someone was going to come in the other way. And by golly, finally I took them out and threw them out to him. And after that you know, when I said, "Get up," he did. He was a great kid. I'd like to know where he is. He was eighteen—well, he'd be sixty nine years old now.

Some of the other characters were old Cactus Nevada, he was a prospector; and

Rattlesnake Pete, and Mormon Bill; they were both prospectors.

And then there was this man that was shot accidentally. A great big, tall Scotchman, Red Cahill. He had a Mexican family, and the man had a rifle, a .30-.30 carbine, and it was done up in shawls, but it was fully loaded, and in handing it down from the platform.... I stood right beside him when he was shot. I remember he had great, big red suspenders, and he had red hair, too. And he got the women off and the kids, and he was hurrying to get through because he wanted to go up to the station for something. The Mexican handed the gun down, the barrel first. He took ahold of it, and the Mexican was holding on it, and when he pulled it, it pulled the hammer back, and they didn't have a safety, and it shot him right here in the left breast. It shot him there, and two of them grabbed him and tried to get him over to the doctor office, which was a little cabin across the tracks, but he was dead before they got him started.

And Limey Pierson, he was one of the tailors and cleaners—called a tailor. He was English. That's why they called him Limey. He died up there in northern Nevada. He went from here, and he married a hashier. She married a movie actor after he kicked off. He was a tailor by trade.

And then there was Goofy Gus Lundholm. I don't know why they called him "Goofy Gus," but he was a fireman on the rail road. His uncle was the shop man that had charge of the shops here. So there's relatives—well, everyone called him "Goofy Gus," even his relatives, and he was more or less goofy.

And there was Hardrock O'Brien, who was a miner. He was shot and killed out there right across from the—oh, that hot spring place down in the valley. It then was Julius Fox's farm. He was shot there. It was through

bootlegging, and they had a fight on, and they killed old Hardrock.

And another one was named—I never knew his real one—Pete, the Beautiful Swede. And he was far from being beautiful. He was a cement worker. He worked for Pardue and Alsester.

And Burgo was the human punching bag. He was punched so much—he was a prize fighter—he was punched so much that he was—oh, crazy, and he'd [get] into a fight—and go [to] the fights, you know, we had them and it didn't matter, just so someone got all beat up. And he'd just stick his head right out and let them hit him as hard as they could. He was just a mass of—well, hardened flesh that had been injured and—you know, grows without the nerves. Well, when he'd start to smile, his mouth would start to pucker up and it would get bigger and bigger, and finally you'd know he was smiling, but it didn't look like it.

Oh, there was Johnny Quintell—ha had a bullet hole right in his cheek here. He run the restaurant down in the Turf Saloon.

"Ham and Egg" Henry Squires—he had a restaurant. When he'd get drunk, they had one of them old phonographs with a long horn (old Victrola) and she'd let the top window down and stick that out (and the whole town was right there in three blocks, each way). And she'd put that out, and put on "Have you seen my lovin' Henry"—that was an old piece they had—and they'd make so much fun of him, and he'd have to come home. He was no relation to Pop Squires. He was an old Irishman, with a big stomach, and he didn't have much hair—a funny old duck, but he was a good cook, and he had a nice little restaurant, and his wife worked right with him.

Dan Hickey was another. He shot a man, and I was there when he did it. He had the Hickey Hotel and Bar down there on Main

Street—the building is still there, about the fourth block from Fremont down. He didn't kill him; he shot him in the hip. And I heard it. I was going down to the old power house, which was on the next corner, to do some work. I heard this shot, and I seen the man run out and drop down in the middle of the road. so I run over to see what happened. I didn't know he was shot. And he said, "Old Dan shot me." He was lit, and he was a fireman on the railroad. It didn't hurt him; he got married shortly after and had twins. But he said, "He shot me," and I look over and here stood this big Irishman, Hickey, with this big frontier model gun. He stood there and he was looking right at me, and I just didn't wait to see how bad that fellow was. He talked all right, and he moved, and I just got away. And they never did anything. He got fractious and was going to lick Dan, and Dan just pulled this old hog leg out from under the bar and let him have it.

Two other characters were Late and Jake Holcomb. They run the Colorado Club, and they were two fine people. People having dumps like that—they wouldn't give anyone a drink if they thought they ought not to have it. When I was first married I got angry and I went down. I never did drink whiskey much—but I said, "I want a whiskey."

Old Late was back of the bar, and he was an awful good friend of mine, and he said, "What's wrong?"

And I said, "Oh, nothin'," and I drank the one, and I said, "Give me another."

And he said, "Now, wait a minute, what's wrong?"

I said, "Oh, my wife got mean, and I just got tired of arguing." (We hadn't been married very long, and I'd been ten years away when I went back, and naturally we had a lot of adjustments to do. But pretty soon we got adjusted, and we had forty five years of very pleasant and happy married life. I had to go

five years after she died before I could marry another—I had to get to one—the only one that I would marry. I've known her for years.)

"Well," he finally said, "I'm going to give you another drink if you'll give me your word that you'll go right home." I only lived up the alley a little ways.

I said, "All right."

I went up and everything was all right. I never did that again. I didn't have to. She was—she thought there wasn't anything I couldn't do—and I knew there was lots of things I couldn't. And we ended up with two nice children, and that's the reason I couldn't marry anyone—but, I knew Elma so well, and she is a very well-liked woman among all the old-timers.

Another story about the Stewarts—Helen Stewart, you know. See, they furnished beef. He was the metallurgist out there, or whatever you call him, at the old El Dorado mill. There was quite a settlement there. It's all under the water now, about five or six hundred feet. But, it was a lively place and they sold all of the beef to them. And she was here alone. She had a son and three daughters, and they were only children at that time. She had a bunkhouse there, and the men, when they were paid off—they didn't get very much—they'd have poker games and get fighting. So she wanted to get over that trouble, there. So here come this slick-looking fellow—he looked like a preacher. In fact, they called him "the parson" but he was a gambler, professional. And she said, "Brother, I wish you would go out and get my boys straightened out in the bunkhouse, there. It's pay day, and they're going to get into fights as sure as can be."

He said, "Don't worry, I'll take care of them." He went out and he wasn't gone too long, but that evening, he said, "There won't be any fights out there, now," he said, "I've got it all fixed." The next morning he left. The stage

came through, and he left. She went out and they were as peaceful as could be. He'd beat them out of every penny they had. There was nothing to fight for. He wasn't no preacher.

Oh, she told me too, once, about a pair of millstones buried out there, but she didn't know where. She said at the time the man come through, he was going to put up a mill. He found that the settlement that the Mormons had started had went back to Utah, and there wasn't any call for a mill here, there wasn't enough population. He should have put it out to the river; he could have there. At that time there would have been a good chance of its growing, but he—God, he was discouraged—he'd come forty-two miles without water, you know, to get here, and he buried them. He was going to come back and get them, but he never come back.

She lived right here—and everybody stopped at her place. There was a well there—and a pump. And she told me about a company, or a bunch, that were coming through and they camped at the big springs. They had a cannon for protection, a small one, and they didn't want the Indians to come and raid them and get the cannon, so they tied ropes on it and let it down into the springs. Them springs was always boiling. They'd put ropes down there with weights on them—they told me how far once, and they never found the bottom. God knows how deep they are. Anyway, this cannon in the morning had—the ropes had stretched—let go—and they couldn't feel it. They tried with different things, and so it's evidently there yet!

Old Judge Case, he fixed watches—supposed to be a jeweler. He chewed tobacco, and spit in the sawdust he had on the floor. And every time he'd drop a screw off something, he didn't have a regular thing they pull out with canvas to catch them, he had to wash them out in a gold pan. He'd get all of it

up, and he'd go out to the faucet and he'd wash them out. And he never had any extra stuff. If he needed a thing in the balance wheel he'd take a safety pin and—it's threaded in there—and he'd take the safety pin, twist it in until it caught the threads and held itself. Then he'd cut the end off with a pair of diagonal pliers and cut the other end off. Your watch might run fast or something, but it was fixed. Oh, he was a character! We called him "Judge." He'd been a judge some place. If he was no better judge than a jeweler, he was a bad one.

They had a big insulated room down at Clark Forwarding Company's storehouse, and it would take a carload of beer. And that was the "brewery," we called it. A fellow by the name of Judd drove a white team on the brewery wagon, and they run away, and strung beer all over the country down there, and run into a new tree I just planted up on Third Street. (Oh, the tree lived—I tamped it in again.) He used to come down the line—and, as I told you, they put their beer kegs out there, and he'd get going—them horses were wild anyway—by God, he always had them going full whip—and he'd come down there, and he'd hub these beer kegs with the hub of the wagon and send them all rolling all over. The buns would be jumping over them and running away from them. And they knew when he was coming. I don't know what his first name was—I never heard it.

I forget his name—he was a corker. He got up against it for money, the man that run the old Las Vegas Bar, which has been tore down now. He was talking out in the barroom. I went there to fix some fans, and he was talking about it, and he said, "When I can find another card table here, like these, I'm going to put it here, and I want to get an outlet up there." Well, this man—it wasn't Whitcher—it was something like that, he said, "You want a table like that?"

He said, "Yes." By golly, he went out the front door and here he come back with the table, and they were heavy, too. It's all metal. He come back and he kicked on the door for them to open the door. They opened the door and he come in with this on his back and set it down. I didn't put the fan up right then, but I got the job later. He told this Joe Morgan—he was a great guy, he was a character when you knew him. If you didn't know him, you didn't like him. After you knew him, you liked him be cause he was honest, decent, and he told me, he said, "Now, I'll buy these fans off you. I want it so that if a fly lights on that table it'll blow him of f"—them old ceiling fans. He didn't know they had the adjustable blade. They had just come in on the market. But I knew all about it and knew what it would do. And so I said, "All right, you want it so it will blow the cards off the table?"

"Yes sir."

So I put them all up, and I set them at the high angle. I said, "Put your cards down," and I turned it on, and the cards went all over.

He said, "Gee, how are they going to play cards?"

"Well," I said, "that's what you said you wanted." I made believe I couldn't fix it.

And he was feeling bad, and he said, "How can I—what can I do, what can I do?"

I said, "Don't order anything you don't want. Them's al ready up." And he went walking around, grumbling, you know.

Finally I said, "I'll tell you, Joe, I can fix them so they'll be just what you want. I'll fix one if you get your porter to bring the ladder out." He brought the ladder so I didn't have to go and get one. Then I got up and changed the angle, and I said, "Now try that."

He tried it and he set down under it, and he said, "That's just right."

There was a little alley mechanic that went around, and he'd do anything, you know, for a

few drinks. This fellow come along and he said he could oil them and fix them up. He didn't know anything about them. He didn't know they were set—where the set screws were, or anything. And he put them in a vise— took the blades off—put the stem in a vise and put a big pipe wrench on, and it twisted all them wires. There's a lot of wires with four speeds. He twisted the wires all off and shorted some of them, and tore the threads of this set screw that he didn't loosen. And he got them in an awful fix. And so, old Joe Morgan, the owner, he said, "I've got in an awful fix." He said, "Sully fixed my fans, and they won't none of them run. They just make a noise, or they go backwards, or something." I don't know, because Sully didn't know a thing about the code on them wires.

I said, "Well, that's going to teach you not to hire alley mechanics. That fellow pays no license; he doesn't maintain an office or anything else, and I do. Now, I'm paying for that privilege and don't ask me to fix something that some damn fool has taken apart."

"Well," he says, "I've got to have them fixed." (That was before he bought these others.)

And I said, "Well, Joe, I'm going to fix one of them just to show you that you weren't wasting your money that you paid me. You'll get your money's worth, but it's going to cost you money, because I won't fix someone else's mistakes for nothing."

He says, "I don't care, go ahead and fix it."

I went and wrung it out and got it all fixed up, and hung it up. And I said, "Turn it on," and he had a thing that he could turn it on with. He turned it on and it went fine, just the way he wanted, and he turned it more, it went just like it ought to—the slow and fast—reverse, I think it was then, and so I fixed all of them.

Well, I made a life-long friend just before he died. He got sick and they told him he had to move out of here. He said, "Rocky, you've lived here longer than I. Did they ever tell you you had to get out of the climate?"

And I said, "No." He'd been throwing up; he couldn't eat anything. I think it was cancer of the stomach that he had. I said, "No."

And he said, "These damn sawbones tell me that I can't stand this climate."

And I said, "Well, of course I'm no sawbones, and I don't know anything about that, but it never bothered me." But, you know, he died by himself, and this wife that was sick all her married life, and he carried her like a baby from the house. He'd carry her, and he sent her to sanitariums—he spent a fortune. She was staying one place, and he was up there suffering alone. I never liked her afterwards, and she never was sick after he died. I'd see her, but I'd never speak to her. Old Joe was a nice old fellow.

There was a lot of those gamblers that had good principles— more than they have now. Now they'll rob you while they're patting you on the back. I got them girls all worked up one day down there—the cash girls. I said, "Well, you girls want to get ready." I said, "The next setting of the legislature they're going to pass a law you're going to have to wear masks, just like Jesse James," and the girl says, "Why?"

I says, "Because you're robbing people."

And she says, "We don't do it."

And I says, "You're an accessory—if you know the law."

And they said, "Well, we're just working here."

I said, "That don't matter. You're creating the very thing that's against all Christian rules and you're going to wear...."

And one of them got so excited she went to the boss. He come out and said, "What in hell did you tell them girls?"

Oh, I told them a lot of things. I'd find a piece of glass. You know how it will shine where the cars broke it all up? I'd get one that would shine, and I'd take it in, and I'd say, "I was coming across the road, and I seen this thing. It shines just like a diamond. And you're the first one I thought of." And I said, "Here," and this bag standing beside the other one said, "I always wanted a diamond so bad."

I said, "Don't worry, this diamond is big enough. You can cut it in two and have two of them." And both of them standing there with their mouths open. I put it up and the one girl says, "It's nothing but a piece of glass."

EFFECTS OF WARS, PROHIBITION, AND THE DAM

During the first World War I remember some anti-foreign activity here and a few foreigners that got into trouble. I know one good American citizen that was German, and they sent him back to Germany. Tony Suehve—he was a butcher. His daughter was talking to me about it. He went back there and he died of a broken heart. He just give up. But the poor guy, he couldn't keep his mouth shut. He said things he didn't mean. I know; I knew him well.

I was with him when he pulled the whole darned bandstand down in the Crystal Palace—that was a rathskeller. A girl was up there on the bandstand and they'd throw the light on them and she had a mirror. And she threw it around and when it hit anyone that squirmed, she'd sing that song, "I've got my Eye on You." And they hit Tony, and he said, "She's flirtin mit me!"

And I said, "No."

But he squirmed around and she put it back, and he said, "See!"

No one was full, or anything, but they'd had a few beers. So he went up—and we didn't

know he'd gone; it was half dark, you know. They keep it half dark so that a man wouldn't recognize his wife with someone else in there. And he goes up and he starts to go over to this stage, and it's nothing but a plat form up on sawhorses, and it had bunting, you know, that red, white and blue—full of stars and things. He didn't go up the steps. He takes hold of it to pull himself up and over it comes! And we had to hurry to get him out before the police got there. Poor old Tony.

They painted one fellow with yellow paint that already had more bonds that he'd bought, feeling—well, he was a patriot. But he had a German name, and he was born in this country. He's alive yet, too. They went and got him at the shops. He lost his job there. And they painted him with yellow paint. He saw contrary, see—they wanted to know what bonds he had, and he wouldn't tell them.

The people that come after me—I was contrary that way, too—the heck with them. I wasn't going to tell them that I had more bonds than the man that was a big politician here. He didn't have any—I found out straight,

and it wasn't any guesswork. And he was telling me how many I should buy. I said, "Look, you don't know what my obligations are." I had a mother that I was helping, and I had a brother I was helping, and I wasn't making too much money. They didn't ask you anything like that. They just asked you what you had, and I wouldn't tell them. They knew better than to bother me, because I would have went after them.

Yes, they made it pretty mean for some of the people. And most always, it wasn't that they were anti-American or anything. It was just misunderstandings. It was usually from someone who should have been picked up trying to throw it at someone else. The ones that raised the dickens were not as good patriots as the ones they was raising the dickens with. My American ancestry goes back before the Revolutionary War, and I didn't agree with a lot of the stuff they were doing. You find a hypocrite gets in and hollers against the other fellow so that you won't notice him. And that was the case right here.

There wasn't any of that sort of thing during the second World War. They didn't, even at school, have any fuss that I know of. But I went down [to California] and there was some Japs—they were American Japs, I guess. I don't know. But the flags went by in this parade, and they didn't take their hats off. I went around throwing the Japs' hats off. The poor Japs—some of them didn't know what I was doing. I'd grab the hat and I'd snag it off hard, and throw it down and kick it out of the way. And I'd say, "The next time a flag comes by, you take your hat off." They didn't know what I meant, I guess. My wife tried to get me to leave them alone, but—boy, that made me mad.

One of my brothers was in World War I—he died. The other one is over here. No one can understand how he's hung on so long. He was over in France.

They belittled the Salvation Army, and they put the Red Cross way above them. They pushed the Salvation Army out, but they did more good. Ask any of the boys that was over there. The sweaters and the hospital things that they wore—my mother set up nights and worked, and sent them for the boys, and they paid for them, and I'm not guessing at it. I don't contribute to the Red Cross any more. I send all to the Salvation Army.

During World War II, the biggest thing that affected me was these big, healthy guys wearing black glasses, and being all screwed up as if their spine was gone. There's one in particular, and he's alive and well today. The woman he was going to marry, and did marry, had to get him over to the courthouse, and I didn't think they'd ever get over. He was all screwed up, and he'd never been sick in his life before.

Some of the men had sons that never went over. One mother made the break, and I heard her; she didn't know it, but I was working there and I heard it. She said, "My husband went through hell, but the son ain't going to do that."

My son volunteered; they never grabbed him. He volunteered into the Air Corps. I told him at the time, I said, "You're a darned fool. You'll come back and you'll see all of these guys holding good positions." And sure enough, when he made up his mind he wanted to get into manufacturing air coolers, he'd went and taken the course, in Los Angeles at a school. He goes into a place where they handle sheet metal—what do they call them? They used to be tinnerns. He went in there, and the big, greasy guy sitting back of the desk asked him what he would like to do, serve an apprenticeship? And he said, "You're just two weeks over the age. He asked how old he was, when his birthday was. I think it was two weeks over the time when he could go in as an apprentice.

“Well,” he said, “Mister, I’ve been over in the South Pacific flying airplanes that had one wing of one kind on one side, and one of another kind on the other. I risked my neck for all that time, and I don’t feel that it should make a bit of difference for me getting in for just that short time that it’s over.

He said, “Well, some sucker had to go over.” And he forgot to even say goodbye to him. Oh, I seen it before, I seen it in World War I, and I seen it in the Japanese War, and I don’t like it.

PROHIBITION DAYS IN LAS VEGAS

During prohibition there was a lot of funny things. This man was a mine superintendent, and we went down to see him, two families of us, and he wasn’t home, but his wife was there, and so we went in and she had some drinks. Everybody had a drink them days. I always had to be bartender—she wanted me to mix up some drinks. I brought some mint. (I was on Third Street then—I had a little bed of mint.) They’d talked about a mint julep, and none of them knew anything about what it was. So I made mint juleps for all of us. Finally he got home and he brought a fellow with him that lived pretty close, and I made them a mint julep. And by golly, he goes and gets his wife and his sister-in-law, and I made them mint juleps, and I made one for myself each time, and finally I run out of mint. I went to the store and I got a bottle of the extract or whatever you call it—taint flavor. And you know, I made up three gallons of boot leg into mint. Finally, it got so we had the whole living room full. When it got late, we was singing—I can’t sing either. And the neighbors they called the police. They had two police men then. The two police come, and we knew them all very well, and we said, “Come on in and have a mint julep.” They

drank that mint julep and finally they were singing with us.

I said, “Well, what will they do if they want a policeman?”

And they said, “Well, they’re just out of luck.”

I used all the mint and all the whiskey, three gallons.

Oh, another funny one: They made a raid on my yard while I was on the coast. I made wine under a permit—I had lots of grapes, there. This fellow—he was a born thief—one of the neighbors. Now, I offered him before I went. I said, “I don’t drink the wine—I give this colored woman my homemade wine that I had down there every time she’s here.” The neighbors called and said there was someone in our place while we were away. And so the police got there and they picked up this one fellow, and the other fellow, and the other fellow was so scared he hid in the wash house, under the bench. He was a little bit of a man and he could get in under. And the darned fool stays there for better than an hour, when the police come back to steal the wine themselves. And they had a heck of a time, here. There was three different attorneys come, and they knew the conditions. They had seen the permit. And they didn’t do it legally—they stole it and took it home. And they are supposed to have a witness that represents whoever they took it from. Well, they found out that I had the permit, and that laid them in a heck of a fix because they had divided the wine up already. And this poor fellow that was caught there—he cost each of them a hundred dollars fine. And they were lucky to get out with that. I go down with the car, and I said, “Come out here.” And he come out like a dog that you’ve kicked in the rear, you know. And he said, “What do I owe you?”

I said, “You don’t owe me a thing,” I said, “you’ve suffered enough.” (He’s the one that

hid there. And an hour afterwards they went and picked him up—he was still shivering there.) And I said, “I tried—I offered to give it to the other fellow.” I forget what his name was. Why he ever went there and stole that—but I guess he told this other boy (and that’s about all he was, a boy) about the wine that was there. I told him, I said, “I’m going to make vinegar out of part of it.” And he didn’t want it. And then he comes back and steals it. I taught them a lesson. And these attorneys wanted to take it up, and I said, “No, I have children in school, and it isn’t good. A lot of people will say ‘Oh, he’s bootlegging or moon shining’ and I can’t tell each one that I had this permit.”

We did have some trouble with the pro-hi’s and their raids and so forth in Las Vegas, but the police were all bought off. In fact, the head of one of the unions started a place (I went and wired his place, see) and he said, “You know, the pro-hi’s can’t do anything with this because this agent”—I don’t know what his name is—you’d know him, perhaps, so I’m not going to tell you—he has a stake in this place.” I know it, because the man told me himself. “They couldn’t do anything anyway,” he said. “This is funny stuff. It’s made so that they test it and it don’t show any alcohol, but after they drink it, it turns to alcohol.” Well, that’s silly—I think that’s old witchcraft. He opened that place up, and boy, he did a wonderful business. And they never did catch him. Another fellow bought him out—he was an old Oklahoma gun man, too. He shot right over into the bank—across the road. He got drunk—from his place. But, he was fixed, because they never bothered him at all.

Him and I got into an argument once. I said, “Thy, you’re talking all about your shooting; I can out-shoot you.”

He said, “You want to bet on it?”

And I says, “Yep.” So I come up and got the gun that my son has in the case on the wall now. It was a Colt Frontier with the Bisley hammer—.32-.20. I had it on a .45 frame, which gives you a good balance, you know. I come down and got it, and I said, “Put up your money, and we’ll go out to the edge of town.” (You could shoot any place then.)

He looked at the gun and he said, “No, I ain’t going to bet against anyone who knows about a gun well enough to get that.”

Old Jim Ladd—Captain Jim Ladd—he was a great character. By golly, he had plenty of money too. He had nice real estate holdings, and when it was going dry, he bought enough good whiskey, bonded whiskey, to fill a trunk, and he had it full, and he had it in a closet in his little cabin at the Ladd resort. He doled it out very slow and careful, and I was fooling there one day, and I said, “Jim, I never had any of that good whiskey. Why don’t you give me a little drink?”

“Well,” he says, “It’s getting low and I can’t get any more.”

I said, “Well, you keep it and it’ll get broke or stolen, and then you’ll be sorry you didn’t give me a drink, because maybe I could return the drink.”

And he said, “No, no one will ever get in there, I’ve got two locks.” I could have picked them both with a hairpin. And, someone did get in—just shortly after that. Lucky he didn’t suspicion me. And, oh, he felt bad—doggone it.

I said, “Didn’t I tell you that you’d hoard that damn stuff and then you’ll lose it?” I said, “That’s the way it always happens.” Well, he never did find out where it went, and he mourned over it a long time.

One of the pretty big bootleggers was out at one of the ranches out here. In one operation, they used to bring a little truck with

eight kegs of about eight gallons of moonshine. They brought it down in back of our home, which was on Third Street—just off of Fremont. Right across the alley was an empty cabin, and they stored the stuff in there. Fred Rump rented the cabin, and they used to come up there with a load of this whiskey, and they'd look both ways, and finally they'd unlock the back of that truck and the man driving would take it on his shoulders and put it in this building and leave it. (That's where the Fremont Hotel, the back of it, is now.) And I had been told—how true it was, I don't know—that there was a machine gun in that truck. I didn't want that truck that might be using that in a fight between the bootleggers and them other ones across the alley. So I just put two great big floodlights out there, and made the door of the garage to open easy, and I got about ten or fifteen people there to see it, and I threw the garage door open, when he got that on his shoulder, I threw the garage door open, and when it went open it turned the floodlights on. That bootlegger threw that keg in there high enough to bust it, and hopped up on his truck and got out of there. And later he was telling Rump, his boss, he would never come there again as long as Rockwell had the chance to show him up. Mr. Rump told him not to worry, they were going to take care of me. The plumber, By Snyder, was up in the attic, and he come over to my house to tell me that they were going to do me up. I never stayed in nights for it, but I was wondering how long they'd let me live. Luckily, Rump left the country and I still live here.

There was a still out at the—oh, I forget the name of it. You could find stills anywheres, pretty near, in the desert around here. At one place, a certain fellow owed the bootlegger quite a little money for lumber. He and his family were out in an old deserted place where there had been a ranch and a little reservoir.

They had a dog that was a dachshund and they went over to see what it was—he couldn't get it loose, and he was barking and raising the dickens. They pulled on it themselves, and pulled it out, and here was the hung hole of a barrel. So the fellow had a truck with a gibbet, or whatever they called them, with a block and tackle on it, on the back of his work car. He goes out there and digs it out, and jams the plug back in it, and lifts it out from the hole that he dug around it. He took it down to the man that he owed the money to and he knew that it was his. He'd heard that the still tender had swiped it and they didn't know where it was. He went and told him that he had a barrel of booze and he didn't want to take any chance selling it, but would he mark his bill off if he brought the barrel over there to his place? And he said, "Yes," so the guy got back his stolen liquor, but he had to pay for it. That was William "Dusty" Rhodes that got it.

Then there was, let's see—oh, Lon Grosbeck had a barrel of gin that supposedly a man would bury it out near the Frenchman mine, and made him a map of it, and when he went out to get it, he never could find it. And he never could find the man that told him. Maybe it's out there yet.

There were some pro-hi raids, but they didn't have to raid this one. They got a fire down there, right at the—well, it was right in front of where the police station is now. There was a bootleg joint, and there was a fire there one night, and everyone—even the firemen—got some of the booze. But this one fellow, who was a wino, he was trying to steal a whole keg. And the fellow that run the place caught him as he was going out the back door. He had a hammer in his hand, that is, the bootlegger did, and he begin to beat this fellow over the head with the hammer. Well, I come along and took the hammer away from him.

I said, "You'll kill that man."

And he said, "I intend to."

And there was one place here—I won't mention any names—where they were holding a meeting of the church women in the front of the house, and at the rear I was buying a jug of whiskey. Later they got the darned thing and they dug up the whole garage, and it was all in under there. See, they cemented it because they could use them barrels, one after another, and they'd put pressure on them—they had a compressor. They put pressure on them so that they could open a faucet. They made it two ways, see? You open this faucet this way and you got water, you open it the other way and you got whiskey. It was under pressure down in under there. That was where I fell out with the "bureaus." It was supposed to be stuff with no alcoholic contents until after it was drank. Now that's silly, but that was what they said because the man that come down here to catch them guys in cahoots, and the man that opened it up told me that tale, see.

And I said, "That don't sound sensible. There's not a chemical action that I know of that would make that into alcohol after it was drank." But that way, he was getting by.

They was rigging me up because they didn't like me. They come to me and told me that there was four cases of beer out in the desert under a bush, and if I'd go out there I could have it for the fire meeting and feed. I was tipped off by the marshal, Sam Gay. He said, "Don't go out there; they've got the federals out there, waiting." The man that was city commissioner—I won't mention his name; he's dead now—was going to eat with us, and he wanted me to go out there. He was going to tell me right where it was. Arid I said, "Well, you come on and go out with me." Right away he had an appointment. I never knew that when he was going to stay there and eat, but when I wanted him to go out with me, he

didn't dare. He got his coming ups; he died with a cancer, very slowly. And I never felt sorry for him—he'd been a friend since his kid days, and mine.

My fire badge looked like the federal badge if you just put the top up. So I just left the top up when I was around reading meters. I went to this place across from the old Arizona Club, and this girl was in there bottling booze. I could hear her, you know. She heard me out back—and they were on needles and pins, you know, because they didn't want to get sent up. She looked out over the canvas that was on the back porch where she was working at a sink put in there. She looked over, and she couldn't quite see my face much, because I had a forepiece on, but she could see my badge. And I heard her breaking bottles right and left, and she run. Evidently she broke all the bottles she had filled, and she run over across the way to the Arizona Club. Her husband was there. She brought him over and he looked out, and he said, "Well, you damned fool, all of that good whiskey down the drain!" He said, "Don't you know who that is?"

She said, "No, I looked at his badge."

He said, "That's Rockwell. He wouldn't mess with you." I wouldn't—it wasn't my place, and they had men here. I didn't, and the old head of the bootleggers, Jim Ferguson, give me all of his work, you know. I asked him why he give it to me, I said, "Jim, you know where I stand. I don't approve of this. I'll drink your whiskey, but I wouldn't buy any of it, and I wouldn't sell any of it." Oh, I did buy it, yes, and he always had me take a drink of his good whiskey. When they sent him up, he told me, "You know, Rocky, I know where you stand, and I know that you're reliable and honest. But these guys that are backing me up now, Jim this and Jim that," he said, "they'll be the first ones to kick me when I hit the

slide.” And he said, “Men in my position will always hit that slide.” And he did—he went to the penitentiary.

I seen him that night before they took him in, and I said, “Jim, could I do anything to help you? I don’t have a great deal of money, but I would like to help you. You’ve been awful nice to me and I appreciate your out-and-out admittance of what you are.” Like he said, “They’re all wearing these insignias of the lodges.” He said, “I wouldn’t when I’m in this position. I could—I belong to several of them—and paid up.” He said, “I wouldn’t wear any of their insignias.” He was a darned nice fellow. I’m sorry he was in such a business.

He drove one of the big guys’ cars around here. I said, “Well, I see you’ve got so-and-so’s car. What’s the matter, couldn’t he pay you off?”

He said, “No, he didn’t have money enough, and I told him I wasn’t going to take all of the bad and not have any of the good.” He said, “I made him give me his car.” And he’s a professional man, this one.

I most always don’t care for people that’s in shady games, but Jim Ferguson was one of the squarest, nicest guys I ever met. And this old Tex that was a still man, took the bank roll to go out and pay the debts. Jim’d known him for a long time, so he trusted him. And old Tex left the country with Jim’s bank roll. Well, Jim, the minute he found it out, he come down to look me up and tell me not to worry. I already knew it—someone else had told me that Tex had skipped. Jim come up and he said, “Now, don’t be afraid—”

I said, “I’m not afraid, Jim, I know that Tex jumped town with your bankroll, and I know that when you get it, you’ll pay me.

And he says, “Who told you that?”

I said, “Well, they told me he’d skipped town, and I knew darned well that you’re reliable. I’ve known you long enough, and

I’m not worrying at all. If you’ve got someone that’s worrying, go and pay them first.”

And he said, “I’m glad you feel that way, Rocky. It makes me feel good.”

I said, “Well, you’ve been very good with me and I haven’t any kick at all, and I respect you. I wished you was in some other business.

He said, “So do I, now.”

And he got the money and brought it around.

I never saw any federals come in, and do a raid. The police were all ready for them. All their friends had hid stuff. Don’t tell them I said so. No, they knew when they were coming.

I do remember, though, when this bootlegger called me in. He was a good friend of mine, and I’d known him when he worked at the shops, before he got into that—Charlie Fenzell. He was experimenting on making home brew with a bigger kick, because you could only get so much fermentation with alcohol, and that’s as far as it would go, unless you added. Well, he was experimenting and I happened to be down by there, and I was thirsty. It had been hot, and he was outside and he said, “Rocky, do you want a bottle of good, cold beer?” I went in, and he give it to me, and he didn’t tell me he was experimenting, so I drank it. There was another fellow in there drinking, and I didn’t know him. But finally, Fenzell said, “Are you going down by the railroad station?”

And I said, “Yes, I can go there just as well as I can go any other way.

He said, “Well, can this man ride down with you to the rail road station?”

I said, “Yep.” So we got in and, my God, I couldn’t see straight. And he was in the same fix. It was something they put in it—I don’t know what it was. So I started, and when I got to the station, he said, “I’ll get off here.” Never waited for me to slow up—I was going

like the devil. I looked over my shoulder and here he was going right over up the sidewalk, end over end. I don't know his name today, even. I went on, and I got up by my house - I had a long swing that would hold about four or five people, one of them porch swings, and here the porch was full. I turned on two wheels, so they told me and I got out, and, oh golly, I was lit!

There was a Dutchman, a sausage maker, that we used to bring down from the mountains when we'd be up there; he'd be up and he'd want to come down, and we'd let him ride with us, and he was always lit. Well, he died the day before from getting some raw whiskey, with—oh, what is it they take off the whiskey? They take the fusils, which are poison—and he drank it and that killed him. So my wife was scared and the people there were scared, and they began asking what I drank. And I said, "I thought it was beer."

"Well, how much did you drink?"

I said, "One bottle. And," I said, "I want to lay down. I'm tired." And they made me walk. Jesus, I walked around the block with one on each side, and then I'd get back to the house and they'd poke coffee down me. I said, "I ain't poisoned—I want to sleep; I'm tired." Boy, that woke them up more than ever. They took turns getting me to drink coffee. I never drank so much coffee at the same time in my life. And finally, I got so I was rational. I went out, and this bed that you lifted up— if you laid down on the outside of it, it would tip over. I tipped over, and I picked it up and put it up—laid down again on the same place and it tipped over. And about the fourth time, I pulled the thing off on the floor and laid down, and I said, "Now leave me alone." But they still come in for me to drink coffee, and I drank more coffee than I ought to have drank in a month.

I didn't see Charlie for a long time, and I said, "What in heck was in that beer?" I said, "It knocked me out cold."

He said, "Well, it's a secret because we're working on getting a kick with it. We don't have to worry about the Feds, you know."

REACTIONS TO THE BUILDING OF HOOVER DAM

I remember when they were thinking about building the dam [Hoover Dam]. Secretary Wilbur came out to inspect and try to decide whether they were going to have the people housed in Las Vegas, or build a new town out there.

You know, I foretold—I used to have them—they told me I was psychic. (They wanted me to develop it, but I never tried to.) But I foretold that there'd be a city up there where Boulder City is now. I just seen it, see? I told people—my brother could tell you that I told them it would be there. Originally, they were going to build three miles below, and they had the engineers who were taking temperatures and everything, and they found how much cooler it is up where it is now than it was down below. when they decided it was going down there, we were out once. And I said, "My God, that's awful close to where I seen the city." Then they come right back where I seen it— they come back three miles, and that's right in the place that I seen it. I don't know—it wasn't a dream. I just seen it in front of my eyes.

I seen oil out here, and went and bought the darned place. Well, we made good money out of it, but I wished I'd have kept it now. It's worth ten times as much—oh, yeah, a thousand times as much as we got out of it—forty acres. But it made a good profit. We bought it for \$1,200 and we spent I guess \$800

or \$900 in proving it up for a desert claim. We bought a relinquishment, but we sold it for \$15,000 so we didn't lose anything. And I still say there's oil out there.

Well, to get back to the excitement over the dam coming in, when the bill was passed, that's when the excitement was. Other wise they just thought, "Well, it's politics," and nobody thought that it might happen, now or maybe fifty years from now. When the bill was signed, we got the fire truck out, and—my God, everybody that could, hooked onto it! In carts and baby buggies, and everything else—just like they was nuts. And one fellow chased us and I had them stop, and I give him the devil, see. I said, "You never follow a fire truck close enough so that if a man falls off, or jumps off with a hose, that you'll run over him."

And he said, "Well, I was trying to give you this gallon of whiskey!"

There was people that got lit that never had taken a drink before. My God, I don't know how many loads I took from up there. They'd lose their cars, and They all went to Lorenzi's.

A funny thing—we had an apartment on Main Street (it's been tore down, now), and it had long drawers built into the wall. And they had so much room that they built a double drawer. When you pulled it out, you'd think that this was the drawer, but there was another drawer in back of it. And back there—well, a couple of days after this big celebration—it took some of them two or three days to get over it—I went down there, and pulled the drawer way out because I'd found an automatic gun once in the back drawer (they'd put it in and forgot it.) And here was a woman's—I don't know what you'd call them—a chemise, maybe. It was a brand new one. And it was for a great, big woman.

The only woman that was as big as that was Mrs. Scotty McPherson, a nurse; and her husband had been with me all through this celebration. I had open house at my place. I happened to think, "My God, that would be a good thing to have some fun with!" So I went up to their house, and her husband was a little bit of a short Scotsman. I said, "Mac, do you think this belongs to your wife?" And I held it up.

He said, "My God, man, she's the only one that would fit."

And I said, "Well, was she dressed when she come home the other night?"

He said, "Yes, she was all dressed, but I was asleep and I didn't pay any attention, much."

And I told her, see, what I told him, and left it there. said, "I don't think he believed it, but I'm telling you so that if he does, you can tell me and I can come down and make it right." There was a whole bunch of us that used to play cards together, and when we got together, I told them about this. Lord, they plagued the life out of her!

She was nursing down at the old hospital, and it had been an old rooming house—two story. It had a basement with a furnace in it, and when they brought furnace oil for it, it always leaked some place. One time Mac went there to see if she was ready to go home and she wasn't. So he starts out (and to hear him tell it is the funny part) and he had these nice white trousers on. They used to wear ice cream trousers, you know. He opens the wrong door, and there's a chute down into the basement and it's all that black oil. He opened the wrong door and he stepped into the chute, and slid down, and he slid along on his seat, right through that oil. He come out, and he didn't dare go back, see, because he was dripping oil. He went out the back door, and he got home. And he had to clean

all up, and he threw his pants away, but his wife sent them to the cleaners and got some of that out. He said, "You know, I didn't know what happened. I had had a drink or two, but I knew I wasn't lit. stepped in there and just like that I slid clear across that place right on my rear.

He was always getting into something funny. He'd get lit and he'd go home. And he'd say, "You know, the only way I got home—I looked at my feet, and wherever they went, I went with them." Everyone called him "Mac." He probably had a name, but in all the years I knew him, I never heard it.

LAS VEGAS REAL ESTATE TRENDS

I ought to tell about the development of the real estate business. Well, see, I have no education in that. All I did— we seen something that we thought was a bargain and we bought it. Luckily, we kept track of the way things were building, and when they begin to run away from up here, we sold all of our small rentals, and the people that got them made money, but they're not worth too much now because they're antiquated and it would cost too much to fix them up.

The minute you start to fix them, the city jumps in with when I took a trip, I took a lot of stuff from the chamber of commerce and I'd put it out. We went different places until we bought a little ranch up in Santa Cruz. And it [Las Vegas] used to be a wonderful place. The people were all nice and good. Oh, we had some bad ones, and some of the old cow thieves come up here. I won't tell you any of them; they're all dead now, and I wouldn't want any of their folks to see it.

OTHER INTERESTS: ARCHAEOLOGY, FOLKLORE, HISTORY

Dr. Mark Harrington worked here in the early days excavating these Indian villages and things. You know, they find the artifacts here, now, of people that were older than the Taco basin, in their excavations there at Tule Springs. Old man Park wanted me to dig out there. I was the one that got Doc Park. interested. He thought I was nuts to go out Sundays in the hot sun and dig and walk miles and miles. Finally, he started a collection—I got him interested. I know there's a lot of stuff up there. And they'll find it in these hills—these raises, if they get one of them little walking scrapers, and go over the tops of them high places. They can see then where the earth was disturbed, but they wouldn't hurt any of the artifacts. They're not burial mounds. When they were in war, even amongst themselves, they hid the graves.

Some of the eastern Iroquois put bark over the graves, and they put stuff to eat, and like that, to get them to the happy hunting grounds. And then they piled the dirt that come out of the grave over the bark. When Sullivan was in there to exterminate the

Indians after the Wyoming Valley massacre, they hid their graves—put brush over them, filled them up—that's in New York.

I got interested in it when I was eleven years old. I dug up my first Indian in New York. I was looking for them all over. One of the high school teachers was named Sullivan, and she claimed relationship with General Sullivan, that led the soldiers in to exterminate the Indians. They disbanded and shot the horses so that the Indians couldn't get them and use them. And they shot them there at Horseheads where I lived. I was born in Elmira, six miles south of there.

I had Mrs. Sullivan send into Washington to get a copy of the journal of Sullivan while he was in that territory. And I found out where the different Indians lived, where their villages had been, and went looking around, and kept excavating in different places. And I found this place where they had started a gravel bank. Well, it was the old fair grounds and race track, which was grown over, and I didn't even know it was a race track. I'd seen these bones sticking out of this place.

They were about four feet under ground, so I began to dig, and I found the cop per beads. And finally, I found a lot of stuff there, and I had to keep still so no others would come. I prospected around and found another grave and got a lot of artifacts. But by that time I had a job with the railroad seventy miles north of where we lived, and I had to go there. I got back and forth on a car pass, but I had to go there to stay most of the time.

Consequently, when they put a water system through, and they dug up oh, five or six—it was a burial ground, and they found all kinds of stuff. They had plenty of help to dig the place for the pipe, because anyone would work for them for nothing. They were selling the beads for six dollars apiece and making money. And I couldn't get there to go after any. I was always going to go back, but I just figured they dug up most of them, because once they dig up stuff, everybody comes and maybe they dig in the wrong places, or maybe they'd dig something up and throw it away.

I've found lots where they didn't know what to do. We used a set of screens, and I still have them, and we went at it like we seen Harrington do, with a brush and a trowel when you get into anything that's good. Consequently, we brushed them out where we could see just the shape that these beads were strung, and in just a little while they drop down.

It gives you a lot of insight into how they used different things. It was awfully interesting—so interesting that one night I got up at about 12:30 at night. My brother woke up and couldn't find me, and he went up on the hill to find me digging. I was down in there with the lantern. This was out here at Moapa Valley. He let out a yell, and my God, I pretty near jumped out of it. It was pretty deep, too. I never thought that it might have caved—that first part of sand might have

come down and smothered me. But I didn't think of that. I'd just got at the [skeleton] the whole chest was covered with these beads, and they was artificial bear claws. They found this “petrified” ivory up here at Indian Springs, and they'd carved that into things that looked exactly like bear teeth. There might have been, but I don't think there was ever many bears here, because we never found stuff, only a little that could have been by some one wandering through, you know.

This one thing—the medicine man—had a medicine stone, which is a hollow stone, and they have a set of sharp things, pointed-like, for lances. (where there was an irritated place, they put that medicine stone down and punctured around the irritated place, and then they'd suck on it until it was full of blood, and then they'd dump it. And our doctors did the same thing, only they did it with cups.) There was 120-some arrows, that when you brush them out you can see them, but you turn your head that way, and look back, and they'd be gone—just the heads left. Yes, they disintegrated. That's the reason that when a pot hunter goes in there with a shovel and throws it out, you'll get more stuff out of the dirt he throws out than he got.

We used to go around and re-screen some of that. In fact, we had heads that the small screen wouldn't catch, and we had to come into town and get some bronze screening to get so we could catch them. I never found out what they were made of. Barrington didn't know, but eventually, now, I think they know.

He [Harrington] was excavating—we were up there long before he was. He come in there for the High Institute from New York. He was a field man. And then he got so interested because they found that the stuff here was older than anything they found in Europe. The trouble of it is there's so many of them that are digging in ignorance. They

just dig and spoil so much. Luckily, we didn't spoil but very little. The darned cow punchers would come around and pull stuff apart. When you're working on their land, what can you say? I worked for two days on a skull that I knew was out of the ordinary. And along come Red. He was quite a character; he's got one eye out (a cow hooked him in the eye.) I was digging on his ranch. And he says, "Yaah—dig anyplace."

And I says, "Well, we'll cover it up."

"Oh," he says, "hell, I don't care, just so a cow can't fall in it." Anyway, I had this darned skull, and I'd been keeping sand around it. See, pottery or skulls, some of them things, you've got to dry them slow. If you dry pottery too quick it will sometimes split and shoot by itself, then, you can't stick it together because it won't fit. I'd taken such good care of this, and taken it out carefully, and he said, "It's a skull, isn't it?"

And I said, "Yes, it's a real old one."

He picked it up out of the sand, and he said, "The teeth are all loose," and he began to pick the teeth out and drop them. I couldn't say a darned word. He'd just give us a heart. He'd butchered and he asked me, "Do you like liver?"

And I said, "Yes."

He said, "There's one in the bucket over there in the corral." He said, "Do you know how to dress marrow gut?"

I says, "Yup."

"Well," he says, "there's one there, too. That's laying on the—I threw it over the gate." And he said, "Do you like tongue?"

And I said, "Yup."

He said, "Go up and take the whole darned thing." So I begin to put the marrow gut—I dressed it out, you know—got the stuff off from it, and begin to put it in the Dutch oven. I took the fat that is yellow and it's rich. I put the fat in there to get the grease to fry

it in. This old fellow that helped us to do the digging—old Bill Curry—he said, "My God, I never ate any of that stuff. I don't know whether I can stand it or not."

I said, "Well, I don't care whether you eat it. There ain't any too much for us." It did fill the big skillet. It looked like a rug when I got it down there. I put it in slow, and it pops. There's a lot of gooey stuff in it. And that's sweet and rich. I finally got it fixed, and I picked it up with the fork—it took two forks, and put it on a big plate that we had.

Bill broke a piece off and he said, "My God, that's good." And you know, it didn't take us only a little while to eat that great big piece of marrow gut. He said, "Gee, I hope he butchers again." We had had the brains, too. I fixed them and had them in the morning for breakfast.

So we lived pretty well on old Red, but I lost my skull. Gee, I felt bad, but I couldn't say anything.

I tried to pick up the antiques there, but they all wanted too much for them. First of all, they give the stuff away, practically. And then they found that they could get money out of it. Boy, the price went up quick. A woman had an old pot bellied kettle. I'd been up there once when I couldn't carry it, and asked her, and she said, "Oh, it ain't any good. They've shot holes through it, and—" And when I went back, by golly, it had went up—she wanted fifteen dollars, I think it was. But I wouldn't give her fifteen dollars because I had quite a few anyway.

Oh, they're nice people. All of them Mormons were—used us fine. They'd bring you out homemade bread. In fact I used to stop up at Mun Leavitt's place, and Grace, his wife, always had homemade bread. I guess she must have made it every other day. We tried to buy it, and the only way you could buy it was have her give it to you, and you'd

leave the money on the molding board. She wouldn't know it.

We asked if we could dig. They all would let you excavate on the grounds and never ask you for anything. We'd take up candy or something for the kids. There's still a lot of digging up there, but I can't get around like I used to.

Besides the beads, you found knives. Oh, they were—I'll show you one or two I think I have. These stone ones that I have, this obsidian, and the other one are typical. Of course, you find different ones, just as you find with other civilizations. I was talking with the curator up there about this place where we found it—and there had been adobe houses, must have. They didn't show anything—only the mud that was carried in there. And it was adobe mud.

Now, the ones they used for the lances are little bits of things. They're more like the drill that they used. They take a deer horn—well, any kind of a horn, but a deer horn in preference—and they soak it in hot water so that it's pliable. And they scrape it down then to what they want, and fit it into a form, or something, and it stays straight. Even after it's buried for years, it's still straight as can be. They're about as big around as (the ones that I got) a pencil, and they're about that long. Some of them on the [Pacific] coast are much longer. This old medicine man must have taken a pre-medical education with the coast Indians because I never heard or seen a medicine stone up here. They're on the coast, and they might be other places, but I never seen them here until I found that one. We found a good many of them little bits of beads. They're black, and I never could find what they were made of. Much of that shell stuff that we found was spoiled until they found out how to use this spray—shellac I think it is, or lacquer. Also, you could tell the earrings

because they would be paired. They didn't pierce their ears. They'd pierce their nose and put things in it. But as far as I knew, they never pierced their ears. They hung them on with a piece of buckskin around over their ear.

And they had dice. Some of them were sticks-like, and they'd take them in a bundle in their hand, and do like that, and let them fall out. The reason I thought they were dice, they were about the same length, and how they ever got them that length I don't know. They had different things on them, like three holes here, and maybe four here, so they must have been some gambling done. It was a shame, there was so much of that stuff, and I couldn't save it.

I used to discuss these finds with Dr. Harrington. He used to come over. He opened up a shop after I had retired. I built a little place for a den, and he come to visit me. He's still in business. He wanted me to come and work for him, and I said, "Oh, Shorty, I don't want to work. I'm too old to work."

"Look," he said, "you can do twice as much as any man I've got." I used to be proud of what I could do.

I didn't try to show Dr. Harrington these sites because I thought he knew more than I did. He got over the field, you know, and looked. If I found anything out of the ordinary I told him and showed it to him. He was always so darned nice, you know. Now, he could have stopped us—well, he couldn't have stopped us on private ground, and we dug on private ground always, because we didn't want to get mixed up with the government.

I talked to old John D. Lee—not the original, but one of his offspring—up in Wayne wonderland, near Tisdale, and the government got after him and took a lot of his stuff away because that was all government land up there until they got these roads in. Lee was a great old character. You know, he took

us up to see these caves that were mudded in with rock. I hired him as a guide because I knew that I could see so much more in such a short time that I had. And I can't think of what they called them Indians—Mokie Indians, I think—but my God, they couldn't have been much bigger than dogs, because they had a little bit of an old place mudded in, and a little hole that a man a little bigger than usual couldn't get through. And they went in there, and they must have curled up with their dogs because they weren't very big. He had a name for them, it wasn't the name that they used, it was a name that the natives called them.

Lee was an old man and he was crippled, and here was all these young kids around—babies, little fellers, and toddlers— and I thought it was his daughter. I said, “Mr. Lee, you sure have a nice looking daughter and a bunch of nice looking grand children.”

“Grandchildren!” he says, “them's my kids.” He said, “I've got one family that's married and grown and they've got children like I've got.” But my golly, they were his. And he was a great old—funny guy.

We told him about the government coming in, and he foolishly told them before he knew who they were—where he got this stuff. They let him keep a little of it, not much. He had a piece of jerky that was so old you couldn't tell it was jerky. But you hold a match against it and you could smell it. He had some nice stuff; evidently he had hid part of it, and he told me about where he found them, and I know he didn't tell me the truth, because he was quite an old faker. He had some old stones that had pictures in them that you could see, but you had to drink some medicine that he sold, or something—you couldn't see it otherwise. See how he was slick—he'd hand you that and he'd say, “Now, that's an Indian wrestling with a bear.” He said, “Did you notice that the bear's got his mouth open, and

the Indian's pushing his head up—pushing the bear's head up so he can't bite him?” I looked until my eyes ached and I couldn't see it.

And he said, “Well wait, here—” and he took it. I never did see it, not no one in the party ever did. He'd hand you another and he'd say, “This is two Indians dancing. I looked, in fact my eyes felt fuzzy when I got through there, but I didn't find a one that I could see. But it was worth the money. He took us to some of these caves. And he'd scoot around them, and gee, it was a long way down, and he was crippled in one leg.

And I'd say, “Gee whiz, be careful, Mr. Lee.”

“Oh,” he says, “I come over here all the time. I bring folks over.”

You could see the little—in the mud that they had—well, I supposed they used them to hold the stone up till they got the mud in. There were little corn cobs, but their corn must have been about four or five inches long.

He had some stuff he wanted to sell. What they did there, they'd have an old belt made of something, and they would take long grass and make it. They got a tough, long grass that wouldn't break and it could be bent, and they'd make like an oriole's nest, you know; they'd have a whole bunch and they'd put it on their belt, and they'd stick these needles that they made out of cactus needles, in there, like a pin cushion, and carry them that way. And they had a knife scabbard made the sane way. And we found places where they had roasted some kind of a tuber. It looked like a sweet potato, only it was real small, and I think it was well, like tules. There are so many kinds of those—we used to call them flag plants—and they're good to eat, some of them, and some are medicinal.

(My mother and her mother, too, used to make cough drops out of sweet flag—yes, sweet flag. We'd go to the marsh and dig it

up—just this one kind was good. And it had a warm, strong taste. And they'd put it in and boil it in sugar water—oh, slow, you know, to sugar it. And it made good cough drops.)

Well, the Indians up there used stuff like that. In fact, this Indian book (Pioneer Nevada) tells you how they used to, when times got bad, they'd go out in the marsh and dig this flag root and eat it. They'd dig these pits out, oh, about a foot across, and then line it with stone, and it was about two and one-half feet deep. They'd evidently fill it with something and when it burned down to ashes, why, they'd throw these tubers in. When they were burnt too much, they just left them, and of course, they didn't rot or anything. I couldn't find out what they were. They were about the shape of a sweet potato and about four to five inches long and about two inches around. I brought some back with me, but I lost track of them.

Now they have good roads in there, and there's some of the most beautiful rock for rock gardens and like that. It's where the rifts have frozen. You know, there's so much of that stone where it's been mud at the time. And it is frozen, or congealed some way, and the waves, the rifts that comes from the wind, and then other sand gets on it and it's under pressure and then comes the volcanic rock, the malapai, or lava rock, and bakes it, and you've got a stone. There's some of them that has rain drops in it. You can see where it's hit and splattered, and still it's rock. And there's bugs that have got stuck in the mud, and they make a cleave, you see, where their wings have kind of give a mark.

This old Indian woman told me that in the early days, years and years back, there was an Indian started out from here to see what was east. He traveled day after day, met different tribes and different country, and he got finally way back east a good ways and he come to a

big body of water, and there was an Indian bridge across it. And Indian bridge is three cables that are tied together. They walk on this and hold onto the other side— it keeps it from swinging and losing their footing. And it was so far, he couldn't see the other side of the water. He got on and he walked and he walked, and finally got on the other side, and there was an old woman with a water jug with a glass plug in it. She give it to him and told him that he mustn't open it under any circumstances till he got back into his own country. He turned around, and he knew it was something. He thought it was something good would happen to him. So he waited, and he started to walk back. And every night he'd put this water jug close to his head so that it wouldn't be stolen or anything. And he'd hear all of these people talking, and he couldn't see any. He'd get up and he'd look around and there wasn't any one in sight. He stood that for a long time until he got back into the Middle West, or mid-way from where he started, I don't know just where it was, unless it was the Mississippi River. And he couldn't stand it any longer—he had this jug up close to his ear when he was sleeping, and he heard this clatter of voices. So he finally pulled the plug out, and out they come. And the minute they come out they turned into real big Indians. He put the plug back. He knew he'd done something wrong; she'd warned him not to pull it out. And he traveled and traveled and finally he got back home here, and he pulled the plug out, and out come these little old Paiutes. He said, "Big Indians way back; little Indians no good here."

In here, it gives a different version—so far as I've read. (In the book Pioneer Nevada.)

And another one. This [story] is what the old woman called a—it's spelled Tsawhawvitts. I thought she was cussing when she said, "Tsawhawvitts"—bad. It was an "evil spirit."

This Tsawhawvitts was the one that give him the thing over here—it's a male, and in that was a female—a spider woman. The Indians have conflicting stories—it's according to how it was handed down to them.

Another Indian story this woman told me. She's full blooded Indian, and they're a little afraid some way. They think that you're snickering in back of your mind. And that's why I always found—I'd get just a little bit, see, and I'd get something that maybe could have two meanings. They'd tell me the beginning of some of this stuff, and once you get the beginning so that you can say, "Oh that story about such a place and such a time," and they think you know. Then you say, "How did you hear it?" And then they'll tell you their version, and then you'll get it.

Well, in the Valley of Fire, where the big cave is, they lived in there. They kept missing these young folks, in particular. And this old Tsawhawvitts was tracked down here. They walked, and they had their best trackers, and they tracked him down here, and they found there was a tribe of them in this big cave that covered acres and acres. And too, the country was all covered with trees at that time. They think they are justified in saying that from the petrified trees they see. When they found this here, they left the people to watch them. There was lots of skulls and things outside of this cave, and they were sure that's where these natives from up there had disappeared. And so, they watched them, and they found that they hibernated, like bears. And they figured that when they got there and hibernated, it was time to build a thing full of trees and keep them in there so they'd starve. So they cut trees and poked them in the entrance and they had it plugged pretty well, but the noise of all this goings-on woke them up. And they began to pull the trees in. And it being a big place, why, they could pull a lot of trees in

there. So they had a powwow, and talked it all over, and some of the wise men of the tribe said, "Well, about the only thing we could do is smoke them out." They was running out of trees. Set the stuff afire, and smoke them out. So they set them afire, and they went to trying to replace the ones that were pulled out so that they'd be in there when the fire got to them. They were running around and cutting the last of the trees that were left. And by the time that they found that there was no more trees, why the fire had got big enough and heavy enough, that they felt satisfied that it would smother them and burn them up. And they didn't have any more trouble. And that's what made the Valley of Fire.

I don't know whether that's in Pioneer Nevada.. It is, only they claimed him as a bad spirit and he lived in the mouth of a volcano.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE

I knew so many of—some of them—well, their relatives. I couldn't—God, they were just like my own people. Was one of my relatives one of Brigham Young's "avenging angels?" Well, I think he was—I couldn't say for sure, except what they've told me where they have traced it—they have a good genealogy of so many people. I thought I only had three—my granddad had two brothers, so there was three of them.

A little ways from where they dug the tablets out of the hills of—. See, Palmyra, New York, isn't very far from Elmira. In fact, the Mormon woman that chased the—well she was the grand daughter of Brigham's body guard, who was the leader of the "Avenging Angels"—that's Porter Rockwell. I have a picture of his headstone that the church put up for him, and of his building that he built of logs. And I correspond with two of his granddaughters. I did have the third one,

but she died or moved away and I don't get answers.

But all of that [the Mountain Meadows Massacre] wasn't as bad as it seems to us now, because living rough makes you rough. It gets so it's you or the other fellow. These Missourians come through, and they'd harassed the people. They'd left their crops and everything, or had them destroyed, and come out there by themselves, to settle. They had been used very bad—their guns were taken away from them, on promises that they would be protected, and then they were shot. And they had to fight the lawmen with fenceposts after they had taken their guns away. And when they'd go any place, why, they were the "darned Mormons that killed people," and they told awful tales of them. In fact, our little old editor back in Horseheads that had a weekly paper— why, you'd have thought that the Mormons lived in some foreign country, because he told how they stole young girls and got them out there to marry these old men. I used to write back and they thought I had joined the Mormon church. But the Mormons—I found them mighty nice people. I have lots of friends amongst them.

I fixed a place for them to bring their covered wagons here when they come into Vegas. I have pictures of them—I have a good picture of Grandpa Johnson—Nephi. He was the one that discovered that park—way up above Hurricane. I can't think of the name of the park. And he took the Indians, and they were supposed to wipe up after the—. Well, they made the mistake. They should have buried them. If they had, there would have never been anything done. The mean part of it is they laid every bit of it to John IX Lee. Now, John D. Lee was the leader, and there was fifty-two of the other men—I have a list of them someplace. There was a book printed

that John IX Lee give his attorneys all of this, and he was a pretty smart guy. Tile give them a very thorough tale—honest tale—about it. But they all poked it onto him to save a lot of the others, because there was fifty-two of them that carried their guns pointed right at the people, that they had taken their guns away from. And when the signal was given, they pulled the trigger and killed them. I don't think that they intended to do some of those things, but when a bunch is together—if there's a college professor and a hobo, the college professor will sink to the level of the hobo when they raid or whatever they're doing—and that's what happened there. There were some of them that were worse, and I think they wanted to get some of the stock and some of the plows, and things like that. On the other hand, these Missourians had bragged that they had the gun that killed Joseph Smith. And he was shot in this—well, it wasn't a jail, but they used it for one. There in Missouri they shot him, although he recognized them as brother Masons, and give them the distress signal. I've read all that direct from their written stuff. Then when they got broke loose, they kept getting a little bit worse, see, be cause they harassed them in every way, and they shouldn't have done it. After their guns were taken away, if they'd have been decent, they probably would have gotten away, but when they were going to get out and come back and kill Joseph Smith—.

Well, you see, a religious group, when they are first organized, are fanatics. They don't mean to be wrong; they think they're right, and they did something that was bad. They left them corpses there, but they tried to save the children that they thought weren't old enough to understand. But one of them that John D. Lee had taken over to his camp on the river where he had Lee's Ferry, one boy told him—he got angry at him for something

that he made him do—and he told him, “I remember you killed my mother and father.”

Well, what could they do? You know, when it comes your neck or theirs you aren’t better—you ought to think what you’d do. You’d probably do the same thing. I’ve done some rough things when I was going through the country, and I didn’t realize at all it was wrong at the time. I’d been used pretty mean some times, and I got even.

But they chased John D. Lee down, and they caught him in a chicken coop in Panguitch, Utah. And they took him, and when he was let out of jail he was taken up to the site of the massacre. He had to dig his own grave, and they set the coffin right at the edge of the grave, and he had to set up on the end, and back far enough so that he’d fall into it—so they didn’t have to touch him. The firing squad shot him and he fell into the thing. They clapped the lid down, pushed him into the grave, and covered him up. And he left to his attorneys this book, which was just written out at the time. The Mormon church tried to get them all, but they didn’t get all of them. I read one of them. I’m going to try and get it.

I like the Mormons. If I joined a church, it would be the Mormon church. But I couldn’t agree with—. Their women had been misused back in Nauvoo, and their crops were burned, and their houses that they worked like slaves to build were burnt down. And for no reason—only the reason that they concocted in their minds. I found them very nice people. When you get in a Mormon community (I come down through one in Idaho) they’d come and say, “Why don’t you come up the lane and camp so we can visit?” I’d be so tired that I didn’t feel like it, but I’d go up, maybe, and set with them. And they’d always send down milk, or berries, or little potatoes. The menfolk would come down

and visit, sometimes the women. I lived with them in Salt Lake, and they used me just like a relative. My golly, if a kid, a young fellow, that—I wasn’t any more than a kid looking for excitement, and I was used awfully nice by them. I was taken to their meeting house and introduced to all the young folks, and invited out, but I never married one.

A lot of this story I got from the Mormons. It was their side, of course, but they, the old Mormons, all had a set of pictures of John D. Lee laying out where he fell when they shot him. And there’s quite a set of pictures.

In fact, most of them women were married to Albert Sidney Johnston’s soldiers when the soldiers either run away and skipped the company, or waited until they were discharged and come back. This woman, where I seen the first of these pictures, was a daughter of one of the soldiers, and they had his sword. It was the cavalry, the bunch that was brought in there. I guess they were all cavalry, all that I knew of them—the children of them.

And of course, the tale that they have about the Book of Mormon, I don’t believe that. But it doesn’t matter. If any one is religious, and honestly believes in it, I think that that’s all right. Maybe there’s a lot of funny things in our Bible; in fact, there’s some there that I don’t believe, although I do believe that there’s a supreme power—you can call it God or whatever you want. Each one calls Him something, but they seem to be working for the same thing. The only thing that discouraged me—I studied religion quite a lot for a while because I didn’t understand it, and I wanted to be right, and so I kept studying and reading—I found out that each religion says, “You’ve got to belong to my church or you’re not going to heaven.” I found out there’s over 400 different sects, and I didn’t want to have to join all 400. I knew I was going to go to hell any way.

But if I did join, I'd join the Mormon church. I like some of the things they follow—they follow as near the Bible as they can. They have their Twelve Apostles, and they have their tithes, and if you read the Bible, and the things that the Mormons believe—they have kind of pushed the Book of Mormon aside in their arguments, because I could out-argue most of the missionaries that I ever had work on me. They say that the Book of Mormon was a lost book of the Bible, and that the lost tribes— they claim that they buried them in the hill of Cumorah*. But nobody ever seen them except Joseph, and he was back of a bed sheet when he translated that. And now, I don't think—of course, we know that miracles—I know they happen, because I've had them happen. My wife had an internal goiter and that's poisonous to the whole system. She went and she had the first metabolism (test) that they ever had, when they got the machine here. And you know, she showed up terrible on that. It might have been mismanagement of the machine. But anyway, they were going to operate on her, and I said, "I want to think those things over." I don't believe in jumping and chopping off something that God Almighty put there. And so we wrote to the School of Unity to pray, and we prayed. She went back for her next test and the doctor said, "Well, that's a miracle." Well, we wouldn't tell him because he wouldn't believe it. But it never come back— never.

*Book of Mormon, VI, 6

CONCLUSION

FAVORITE STORY

My favorite story is about when my wife said she'd have me. See, she'd been back there the ten years I'd been away. And she'd made up her mind ten years before that she was going to get me. So I went back there and took her out of a nice home and a lot of social things that she'd been used to. She got around a great deal with the music; she was quite a pianist. was afraid to ask her because she dressed so well. She notoriously was the best dressed girl or young lady in Elmira—and I hesitated until an old fortune teller told me that I was going to get married and I didn't know it myself. I had Mrs. Sullivan (she is now, but then she was Marie Sheppard) to the carnival with me, and the old woman never seen her at all. When I went in for my fortune she told me I was going to get married and that it was a little dark woman a whole continent away. And she was in Elmira, New York. She said, "You've hesitated quite a few years. You think a terrible lot of her, and she does you, but you're afraid she'll turn you down, and/

or she'll be too expensive to keep, so you've put it off, and you're foolish. You marry her and you'll make more money than you've ever made before. You'll be hard up for a couple of years, but you'll work together and you'll go a good long ways together."

So I sent a little billet-doux, or whatever they call it, in a letter to my grandmother Breese that lived in Horseheads and asked her if she knew where Bessie Banfield was at the time, and would she give her this little letter. It was a proposal all right, and pretty quick I got an answer, that she'd take me in spite of all my faults, and try to make something of me. She didn't say that; but I'll say it, it sounds better. I finally went back, got me some new clothes and cleaned up, and went back. I got there on Thursday, and I wouldn't be married on a Friday, so I got her to go right to the city hall and get our papers right then, from the station, and then we stopped at the first big church we found, which happened to be a Methodist church, I think it was, and they had some kind of a youth meeting there, and they all wanted to come in and witness the

wedding. I was so excited and—well, it was everything so new to me that I didn't feel like having a bunch of people look on, but they did. They looked through every portier on the big room; there was about three heads to every one of them. So I got my back to them—I maneuvered around, the preacher was facing them and I wasn't, and he got us together so that we couldn't get apart any more.

I took her the next day to New York City for a honeymoon. There was streetcar strikes on, and they were throwing rocks at the streetcars, and we couldn't get there, so we walked around and found different things close to the hotel. I bought some ginger ale and different stuff to drink on the train back home to Elmira. I found that a ten cent bottle was three times as big as ours that we had out West here, and I had to go and hunt up a basket for it to take it. I had four of them, and I had bought some stuff for sandwiches, and we were all fixed, and we bought our ticket and went back to Elmira, New York. I took her on a trip up to see all my relatives at Horseheads, and Breeseport, and Canestoga. And by the time I got around to them I was tired out, ready to come back home. So we got a ticket for Las Vegas.

When I got her back here, she was lost. She had never been West and she didn't understand anything about the West, and it was pretty rough. Her first trip downtown to get some groceries, every man on the street spoke to her as "Mrs. Rockwell" because they all knew me. She come back all flustered up and said, "Every man down there said, 'How are you, Mrs. Rockwell?'" and she said, "I never met any of them, never was introduced." I had to impress on her that we were much more free with our manners and stuff in the West than they were back East, and she finally got used to it, and found that they were pretty nice people.

We had a little home that was built for us while we were East where we could go into when we got back, and so we began to get that into shape to raise a family. I had to sleep with a six-shooter in bed because she was always having someone breaking in, or thinking they did. My God, I'd jump out with the gun and look for some burglar and there was no burglar there. Once she laid crossway of the bed and she grabbed hold of me and—some thing made some noise and she had this nightmare, and she thought someone had her by the feet. Geez, I jumped down and looked under the bed with the gun, you know, and there was no one under there. If I'd shot I'd probably have shot her feet off. I got her quiet and then the burros would itch themselves on the side of the house. They were loose at that time. We didn't have a stock law. And she'd think they was climbing in the window. I never seen a burro come in the window, so I didn't shoot any burros. But one night—there was a mirror on the little built in sideboard on the south end of the living room. And four foot away was another building that we owned that was rented to the shoemaker at that time (Dick Cornish) and the only thing that kept me from shooting the darned mirror out was that I had to think of Dick Cornish. I didn't want to shoot through both walls and shoot him. So I let the hammer down on the gun, and I realized it was me that I was looking at, and went back to bed. I finally got her tamed to the West and we lived happily ever after, and raised a nice family, and had forty-five years of good married life, till she got sick and passed on.

Well, I have an awful nice wife now. Her name is Elma Ann Erickson Adams Rockwell. I couldn't have written a description or anything. I had looked at her a good many times, but I thought, "Well, now, why should a woman that has her reputation of good

deeds and things ever take me up?” She could at least have got someone with hair on their head. Oh, there was a dozen she could have got, good ones. She’s making a nice wife, too; she cooperates very well, and she’s a wonderful little woman. I have a different outlook on life than she—she never cared too much for money, although she’s pretty well fixed. But I want to know what anything is going to cost before I get it, because I don’t get anything on time. I never have. The first car I had, I paid a little under \$500 for a Ford. You got them without any bumpers or anything on them. And I still have the bill of sale for it. That’s what money I had, I bought it. If you don’t run bills, you don’t get in trouble.

IDEAS ON HEALTH AND MEDICINE

You’ll get old just like all of us, and you’ll get lame, just like I did. Hut you know, I cured mine up with cortisone. My fingers were all crooked, and I couldn’t do that, and I couldn’t do this, and my knees were stiff and you could hear them crack. Now I haven’t got any of it. They tell you it can’t be cured with aspirin, which is hard on the heart; any thing with aspirin is a heart retardant—that’s why they give to you, one of the reasons, and they don’t tell you it will cure you, it will relieve. Of all the thousands of the new medicines they have, they can’t tell you that one of them will cure. They’d laugh at me if I told them I’d cured that.

I cured an Indian down here—a half breed—he was half Negro and half Indian—born down here on the reservation. I seen the distressed look on his face and he was limping. He had old shoes on, and I said, “Do you have rheumatism?” I knew he would understand that better. I said, “Do you have rheumatism?”

And he said, “Oh, yes, mister. I have new shoes and I can’t wear them—my feet hurt so.”

And I said, “I’ll tell you about some stuff, and you use it and if it helps you at all....” I give him the address of the health food store, and I said, “You go over there and you ask for alfalfa pills. You’ll get a hatful for a couple of dollars.”

He got them and you wouldn’t know he was the same man. And he told me the last time I was in, he said, “Mr. Rockwell, I feel like a young man again.

And I went through this accident—the car all broke up until you couldn’t even mend it. I was banged up, I had a place there, with a little thing that stuck up that hold the muscles when you get too fat. That’s in there, and it don’t rattle or anything. But it knocked that loose, and it broke the steering wheel all to pieces. Even the steel rod was bent as far as it would go— where I held onto it.

I wasn’t married then. I had two women with me; one was real plump. I was taking them out to eat. And the fat one reached over—the car was beginning to creep a little bit. I backed up. A truck was backing into me, and I tooted the horn, and he didn’t stop. So I backed up, and I hit this little saw horse. And I couldn’t get it out from under, so I got out to take it out, and the car was standing perfectly still, and then it began to creep a little. Well, I took a long step to get in and she reached over, and she’s short and stubby, you know, and she got her foot on the brake and set it down. The door was open and it hit me in the mouth and the blood began to squirt, and I couldn’t get in the car. And when it stopped so quick, it threw her foot off and onto the gas. Here she was pushing on the gas thinking it was the brake. Well, she was down on the floor there. All I could see was her bare end here. And she says, “My leg’s broke. My arm’s broke.” I thought she was falling to pieces. And we was hitting these curbs, hitting—down one and up another—going like the devil and I hit two cars and run over a man. I didn’t run over him, I knocked

him up against a house. And I set there—all broke up, and they wouldn't let me move. They thought I had my ribs shattered. With all that terrible bruise there, it was all black and blue, mostly black, and they wouldn't let me move. I never'd had people to help me. I don't believe in that. I wanted to move around and find out what was wrong—if there was anything wrong with me. I did hurt here, bad. And I broke the glass with my head; never knew how hard it was. Just cracked it, didn't break it, and finally they got the ambulances there.

And I said, "Take her out, she's got a broken arm and broken leg." She didn't have anything broke, and she couldn't tell me what she did. I know what she did, of course. But here she was—I didn't want to feel around her too much, you know. So I couldn't reach in to get the handle of the brake. I expected that there'd be a leg loose down there some place because she'd hollered so.

They got us over the hospital and they X-rayed and looked me over and said, "That's funny that none of them ribs broke. Most always they break and they puncture the spleen or the liver. And the one little old doctor kept coming back, and he said, 'I just can't understand it.'"

And I said, "Well, I'll tell you why I didn't have any broken bones, and I'll never have any, unless a tractor runs over me. But I'll tell you and you'll laugh."

And he said, "No, I won't."

I said, "I've been taking bone meal and vitamin C for several years, and I'll never have any broken bones from any common accident." And he walked away then, talking to himself.

My son, Leon, Jr., was educated in dentistry and he used to laugh at me. Now he asks me, and he'll live much longer. You know, if my brother [Richard Earl Rockwell] would listen to me, he wouldn't be in the

shape he's in. He's four years younger, but he wouldn't listen.

You see all them books on vitamins and diet? That's why I know what I should do. And if you want to keep shy of wrinkles, especially, you take your vitamin C.

I have a theory on cancer and I'll bet eventually it will be found. Cancer cells are cells that are not directed any certain place. They're just floating around and they find a wound—an old wound or scar tissue, or something to hang to—and then they have a cancer. Because they don't get nourishment. They grow, yes, but they grow from what they pick up from the blood that isn't used somewhere else, and it makes a cancer. And the main thing, though, is that vitamin C. It makes that collagen, the adhesive that when a bone is broken, it knits with this collagen. It's a lack of calcium that causes a break when they fall. I have said for years that when they get a broken hip, the hip breaks first. Now they admit it. But ten years ago I was saying that, because I've seen some of them [skeletons] that I have dug up, where the break was knit there, with the tissue building stuff, but there was nothing for it to grab onto—the calcium was gone and it was just porous.

This fellow that just died yesterday, an old-timer, I asked him, and he said, "No, I didn't stumble over anything. It was a flat floor, and I was walking across the floor, and all of a sudden I felt as if my foot went that way, and I fell down." Well, it broke.

And I said, "Did you take your bone meal tablets that I gave you?" I give him a bottle full.

"No," he says, "they're up in the cupboard."

MY PHILOSOPHY AND PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

What are my future plans? Well, I'm going to try to eat well as long as I can and I have

the money, and we're going to take quite a few little short trips like we did yesterday—all the way from two or three days to a couple of weeks. And there's relatives of hers to visit, and relatives of mine—my son and daughter both met her, they both knew her.

Philosophy—well, the big thing, I believe in doing to others the same as I'd like them to do by me. If I'm honest with them, I expect them to be honest with me. I found some of them that weren't. I've loaned people money—well, when they go so long, I know they're not going to pay it. I just forget it, and I've had to forget quite a few of them. I don't think that anyone really prospers from dishonest deals. If you see these people in their forties and fifties out here that made a fortune in a few years—it don't do them any good. I've enjoyed every bit of mine.

I've seen my grandchildren finish college. I've got the great granddaughter and the smallest grandson that I'd give—I just had a letter from the people that handle this trust, and they've commended me, and they said, "Well, there isn't too many people that can have such a nice thing happen to them." I put three thousand the one time, and two thousand the next, and I'm going to put three thousand this next year. I stay under my gift tax that way. I'd rather do that than take a lot of fancy trips to Europe, drink a lot of their bum whiskey, and such things as that. It's something that really pays you when you do things you should. When you stop and think, I had no education; I had to work like a son of a gun when I was twelve years old. I did anything, any kind of work. I did when I come here too—I even beat carpets.

Two of the women in the trust department commended me on my investments. I didn't want to get rich quick. In fact, money never bothered me too much; I wanted security.

You see, you can fool humans, but you can't fool God Al mighty, or whoever it is. There's something, there's some power that's much greater than the human. If there wasn't how could the sun come up over there at certain times and do it regular, and set over here. And how can the leaves drop of f out there, and then in the spring come in green again. There's something. My brother sets down to the table and he'll say grace, because the people see him. Well, I don't care if people see me or not. In fact, I'd rather not be—I've not tried for any publicity in my whole life, and I don't care for it now.

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